

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1875.

The Week.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, has written an "open letter" on the currency to the editor of the *Atlanta Herald*, in which he denounces inflation with the same boldness he displayed in Congress last winter. Judge Kelley not long ago made a sort of tour through Georgia, during which he, with great audacity, undertook to explain to the Georgians the beauties of an irredeemable currency. We say audacity, because the Georgians and the inhabitants of the other Southern States know by practical experience a great deal more about it than Judge Kelley can tell them, as they had during the war a currency of their own which, from beginning at par or nearly par with gold, gradually went down on repeated issues to a point at which there was a discount on it of several thousand per cent., and, as it has been since described, people, instead of taking their money to market in their pocket, and bringing what they bought home in a basket, took their money in a basket, and brought their purchases back in their pocket. The Georgians know all about "basing" currency on "the entire wealth of the country," for this is exactly what they did, and they found that the entire wealth of the country—the corn, cotton, sugar, and tobacco—remained just what it had been, but the currency did not. For any man in his senses to go down there now and try to persuade the inhabitants that inflation is what they want, must require a good deal of coolness. We are glad to see that Mr. Bayard does not attempt to argue the matter with Judge Kelley, but laughs at him, and reminds his audience that the last panacea he recommended to the poor man was the investment of his savings in the Northern Pacific Railroad, which, in 1871 (he then being a member of Congress), he publicly declared in a speech at Philadelphia to be a "magnificent undertaking." It would probably be a safe thing to back Judge Kelley to ruin in a given time a larger number of his fellow-citizens who should take his advice in pecuniary matters having any political connections, than any statesman now in the field, except possibly General Butler and Mr. Wendell Phillips.

The customary dulness of the subordinate Department Reports has been relieved this year by that of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, Mr. Potter. He advises the abandonment of the present system of contracts, which gives contractors a percentage on the amount they lay out, and therefore a direct interest in wasteful expenditure, and strongly advises cutting down his own now unlimited and excessive powers to those of a real supervisor of Government architecture. He says that to give one man the duty not merely of overseeing but of actually designing Government buildings is giving him work which he cannot thoroughly or properly do. He adds that "architecture is an art," and, as in the case of all arts, "he who practises it successfully must give himself up to it without restraint," and that "no good work has ever been done without severe study." The announcement of this architectural platform has been received by the press and the public generally with great satisfaction as an indication that Mr. Potter is going to give the Government architecture without any politics in it; that he does not intend to rotate his draughtsmen out and put hod-carriers at work making "elevations" for post-offices, court-houses, and miuts; and that he will make a knowledge of architecture rather than an acquaintance with contractors the first test of qualification for office under him. Mullett, his predecessor, must have been hugely amused with the report, and we can fancy him exploding with laughter over the statement that "architecture is an art," and that "no good work has ever been done without severe study."

The art in Mullett's time consisted in getting appropriation bills through, and as a "worker" he was unequalled, though he never applied himself to severe study at all, and put up eight or ten millions' worth of buildings a year at that.

It is startling to find in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue the number of United States officials implicated in the whiskey frauds put down at fifty; in other words, there seems to have been about one official conspirator to every common swindler. Mr. Bristow, who has had the support of the President throughout, has got Joyce, one of the leaders of the Ring, sentenced to a fine and a long term of imprisonment, and the trial of John McDonald, formerly Supervisor of Internal Revenue, has begun. It will be a pity if in McDonald's case some enquiry into previous character is not made, as the revelations that would follow would throw a good deal of light upon the dark ways of civil-service reform, and show what is the nature of the causes which so mysteriously produce "Rings." McDonald was appointed by Boutwell, and it was at the time represented to the Secretary by some of the best of the Missouri politicians that the appointment was an utterly unfit one; that McDonald, if not a criminal, was the associate of criminals, and well known as a common gambler and generally disreputable in St. Louis. Boutwell said that it was too bad, but he "could not help it"—i.e., McDonald was backed by too much influence. Now we see what the influence was.

The past week has witnessed a further decline in the foreign markets in that class of Government securities of which the Turkish and Egyptian are types. That U. S. securities have been improved rather than harmed by this, is shown by the fact that the Rothschilds—as the head of the syndicate having charge of the negotiation of the U. S. new Fives—have notified the Treasury that they will take the entire unsold remainder of the \$500,000,000, which they have either engaged ahead or expect to sell in Europe. To offset this issue of new Fives the Secretary of the Treasury on Monday called in, for redemption on Feb. 15 next, \$12,785,000 5-20 6 per cents, and at the same time issued a call for \$5,000,000 5-20s for the account of the Sinking Fund. These two calls of 5-20s withdraw from the markets all the outstanding remainder of the '64 bonds and about \$2,000,000 of the old '65s. The only funding bonds which remain now are the 4½ and the 4 per cents, and there is reason to believe that no step will be taken to sell any of these bonds until Congress has had the opportunity to decide, on the one hand, whether it is best to authorize more 5 per cents, and, on the other, whether bond-funding operations had not better be suspended and attention given to greenback funding, or at least to the improvement of that class of the Government debts which form the most important part of our paper currency.

General trade during the week has been good for the season of the year, and there is a feeling among business-men that, unless Congress in some way interferes, the improvement will gain momentum, and that next spring will witness a full business. The number of failures occurring is not alarming, because not unexpected. It is generally anticipated that in the next four months many firms which have been weakened by outside speculations will succumb, the profits of business in the past season not having been large enough to make up for such losses. At the Stock Exchange there has been an advance in prices. A new speculation, which centres in Pacific Mail, has been developed during the week. This is indirectly connected with Union Pacific, that Company having got possession of the steamship line, so as to control every avenue to the Pacific. For some reason Mr. T. W. Park, who controls the Panama Railroad, was not satisfied with the share which his Company got. Accordingly, he devised a plan for an opposition, and

during the week it was published, with the signatures of three respectable shipping merchants, directors in the Panama. They propose to divide the business of the Pacific Mail—which has not for many years been good enough to pay a dividend—and pay large dividends to their shareholders, and at the same time serve the public more cheaply. The last phase of this fight is that Judge Donohue has restrained the Panama from making this highly profitable arrangement by an injunction, on the ground that the charter of the Panama does not permit it to go into the steamship business even for such good purposes as those which animate Mr. Park.

At the time when the investigation into the Canal frauds by Governor Tilden began, we pointed out in the *Nation* that the greatest difficulty which the reformers would have to contend against would probably be the fact that some of the worst abuses in canal management had by custom and lapse of time come to be regarded as matters of vested right, which the State was bound not to interfere with. We confess, however, that we hardly expected to meet with so striking an illustration of the truth of the observation as has been afforded by the trial of the two suspended engineers, Yates and Babcock. The facts in the case are very simple: Yates and Babcock were engineers employed by the State to protect its interest in canal contracts. The Governor's investigating commission discovered, in the course of their enquiries, that these engineers had permitted work to be accepted under a contract with Henry D. Denison inferior to the work called for by the contract. Of the fact there was no doubt, and the two engineers were accordingly suspended till they could be tried by the Canal Board. The Canal Board is a commission partly consisting of certain officers of the State and partly of members elected by popular vote. The engineers have now been tried by this board, acquitted, and reinstated in their positions. Under these circumstances—as it seems from the proceedings that no evidence whatever was offered in their behalf as to the facts of the case—it becomes interesting to enquire what their defence can possibly have been, and we find it was that, through a well-established practice, it had become “the custom of the canals” for engineers to accept work inferior in quality to that contracted for. This was the only defence that could be found for the accused, and on this defence they were reinstated. Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer put the whole thing in a nutshell by saying that the sum and substance of the defence was that it had become “the common-law of the canals that contracts should not be complied with.”

There is no exaggeration in this, as everybody familiar with the history of the canals in this State knows. It is probably true that the acceptance by State engineers of inferior work, the system of “unbalanced bids,” or, in other words, bids on their face intended as a cover to deception and fraud, and the auction-sales of the contracts among the contractors themselves, have long been recognized as established by custom in the interior of the State, and as having for all practical purposes the effect of law. There is no other way, indeed, of explaining the perfect openness which seems, as a general thing, to have characterized the fraudulent practices; for people who are engaged in fraud usually take the greatest pains to cover their tracks, whereas the “canal men” have carried on their auctions in a hotel in Albany, and so recklessly have they drawn up fraudulent contracts that fraud can be seen in most cases on mere inspection.

The resignation of Mr. C. S. Fairchild, who is now one of the assistants of the State Attorney-General, but who will become Attorney-General himself in a few weeks, will probably bring upon him a good deal of abuse, but it seems to us to have been clearly called for by the facts in the case. The District of Columbia bonds belong to a class of securities which, in the opinion of nine men out of ten, are doubtful. They have been talked about in the newspapers as doubtful, they have been speculated in as doubtful, and

it is very doubtful what view Congress may take of them. Under these circumstances, they were obviously not proper securities for savings-banks to invest in, but the people who have been puffing them lately have been making a desperate attempt to secure for them an established credit, by bringing them within the class which savings-banks are authorized to invest in. Instead of going to Congress and getting the matter settled once for all, they have chosen to take the indirect way of getting an opinion from Attorney-General Pratt on the subject. The matter was at first referred to Mr. Fairchild, who gave an adverse opinion, which was subsequently overruled by Mr. Pratt. On this Mr. Fairchild was obliged to take some stand, as he himself would be in Mr. Pratt's shoes within a few weeks. He accordingly gave public notice to the effect that as soon as he became Attorney-General the bonds would not be recognized as proper investments for savings-banks, and, at the same time, resigned his position. This was the only thing he could have done; the dilemma in which he found himself strongly illustrates the absurdity of having such matters decided by the views of Attorney-Generals for the time being. As Mr. Fairchild says, nothing short of the highest judicial authority or Congress ought to decide them.

The evidence taken before the Committee of the Legislature on the manner in which this city is governed contains such morsels as the following, illustrative of the régime which the Anti-Tammany reformers have succeeded in restoring and confirming:

“The first witness, William P. Dixon, a resident on the Boulevard, said that he had watched the laborers, and found that out of a gang of fifty or sixty only twenty or thirty would be at work, and nine or ten would go some distance back to play ‘seven-up’; he once walked four times from One Hundred and Sixth to One Hundred and Tenth Streets, in the same time it took a laborer with an empty cart to go there once; the men, in his opinion, only did three and a half hours' work per day; the cost of the work was about twice more than it would be if the work was done conscientiously.

“Mr. Cyrus Clark, of No. 741 Fifth Avenue, a property-owner along the Boulevard, counted the men at work, and out of a gang of twenty only two would be really performing labor; the remainder were ‘loafing about,’ and some of those engaged on the sewers were playing cards; there was an official, now in office, who told a contractor who offered to do the work with blasting machines at one-half the cost now imposed by the laborers: ‘The objection to your machines is that they can't vote.’”

It is, however, but just to the “reformers” to say that they have not been boastful or exultant since the election. On the contrary, they are for the most part apologetic or defensive, and confine themselves to showing that they have not done as much mischief as people think they have, and that Kelly is not a good man. Some of them reveal an inclination to follow the example of Tweed's counsel, and “deny the whole story.” But for the publicity of the thing they would probably deny their alliance with the Short-Hairs. Of Morrissey they seldom speak, and their allusions to him are so vague that a stranger might suppose he was a retired clergyman engaged in managing a children's hospital up-town. As to the general public, its feeling about “the reform” reminds one of the Irishman to whom some wags “tendered,” as the reporters say, a ride in a sedan-chair, and then put him into one which had neither seat nor bottom. After he had trudged along on his feet for some distance, they asked him how he liked it, and he replied frankly that, “if it wasn't for the name o' the thing, he'd as lief walk.”

The election in Brooklyn this year has had the effect of stimulating reform on one side of the East River almost as much as it has paralyzed it on the other. The Ring or Rings in Brooklyn have borne a suburban relation to the Rings in New York. They have been managed substantially in much the same way, but not on so grand a scale or with such a flagrant defiance of law and decency. We have among us not merely our “village Hampdens,” but our village Tweeds, Sweenys, Halls, and Connollys too; and there is a certain resemblance between a large overgrown suburb like Brooklyn and a village community in frauds as well as other things, as

cannot have escaped the notice of those who followed the revelations of the Beecher-Tilton scandal. That frauds in the public works have been committed in Brooklyn does not seem to be a matter much disputed, but what redress can be had is another question. The law recently passed by the legislature enabling actions against local speculators to be brought by the State is now before the Court of Appeals in Tweed's case, and what is to be done in Brooklyn will depend a great deal on whether the Court sustains the act or not. The press is very wisely avoiding all discussion of the questions involved in this case while the matter is in the hands of the judges, which is very well; but it is unpleasant to think what a venal and licentious howl will break forth if the Court decides in Tweed's favor. Their adverse decision on Tuesday, however, on his application for a bill of particulars and reduction of bail, will do a good deal to regain popular favor for them.

The interment of Guibord was successfully and peacefully accomplished on Tuesday, amid great military preparations to prevent any outbreak, but with the troops kept in the background. The ponderous, burglar-proof sarcophagus designed to resist all attempts at disinterment was finally abandoned, and the simpler device of burying the wooden coffin in cement was resorted to. Mme. Guibord is even safer from sacrilegious disturbance than her husband, for she lies directly under him, and a layer of cement placed above her serves as a foundation for his receptacle. She died, it will be remembered, in 1873, or four years later than her husband, and yet, so altogether anomalous is this case, she was buried before and beneath him, with an inscription on her coffin showing her to have been the widow of a man who still lacked a resting-place in a civilized and Christian country. We seem now to have arrived at an end of the matter, so far as the poor subject of it is concerned. The law has prevailed, and the Church must, as is her wont in such circumstances, fall back on her unrestricted privilege of cursing. The Bishop will probably not encourage any desecration of the grave by the baser members of his flock, and at most it is likely that the unholy spot will be marked off in some way from the consecrated ground. The *Institut Canadien* will still have the satisfaction of feeling that the point gained was worth six years of struggle with Catholic bigotry.

The English papers are full of discussions of Turkish finance and of schemes for enabling the bondholders to get their money. The mixture of anger and hopefulness displayed at the meetings is something very entertaining. Server Pasha has published a circular showing that the Ottoman Government is one of the most delicately honorable governments in the world, and that the sole reason for its suspending just now is the necessity of reducing the taxes. There is an angry controversy going on in London between the creditors who lent on the pledge of certain specified portions of the public revenue and those who lent on "the entire wealth of the people"—the former, Mr. Kelley will be surprised to hear, fancying they have a prior claim on Turkish resources. But the probabilities are that "equal and exact justice" will be dealt out to all of them. One point debated anxiously is, whether the Khedive will continue to pay his tribute into the Bank of England, even if he is forbidden by his suzerain or not. The prevailing opinion is that, out of regard to his own credit, which is very much shaken, he will. Sir Samuel Baker and others have come to the support of his credit by showing that, unlike the Sultan, he has spent enormous amounts in real material improvements, such as the construction of railroads and of irrigating canals, and the improvement of ports, and the opening up of lands in the interior to cultivation. But, then, many of his railroad enterprises cannot pay for some time to come, and in pushing his territory southward he has involved himself in liability to a series of small but costly wars. Costa Rica, Paraguay, and Honduras have been punished for cheating by having their representatives in London passed over in the invitations to the Lord Mayor's dinner given to the diplomatic corps—a penalty under which, we imagine, these rascally communities will bear up bravely. Spain is

now reported as cheating again by paying her overdue coupons in paper. She has added \$1,000,000,000 to her debt since 1863, and it now amounts in all to \$2,000,000,000, but, as she has not paid any interest on it for two years, it sits very lightly on her; still, she has to borrow at enormous rates, if she can borrow at all, and has probably "funded" more coupons than any other modern nation. The creditors console themselves with the reflection that the revenues of the country are growing, and that the time may come when the Government may pay its interest if it pleases. Altogether, the money-lenders in Europe are having a varied and, it is to be hoped, instructive experience of the improvidence and dishonesty of borrowing communities.

The text of M. Gambetta's important letter to the Lyons democrats upon the existing political situation, has come out by the last mail. He announces that the Republic was really founded on the 25th of February last, and that it brought with it security and confidence, and the result is now about to be submitted for its approval to the people, and he is confident as to the result. He favors the *scrutin de liste* rather than the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, as being "a struggle of principles rather than a struggle of persons," and as permitting the alliance in each department of "all fractions of the loyally constitutional party." He says the nation has gained in experience and practical reasoning, and is tired of the orators who led it astray and of the fanatics who "would lead it back to a past whose very name it cannot bear." As regards the future, he maintains that what the country desires is the repeal of all exceptional laws, the freedom of the press, the right of meeting, municipal independence of the cities and communes; but it does not seek all things at once, and desires all changes to be made "with circumspection, prudence, and temperance," for in politics men should be ready to come to terms with necessity, and "never to risk the fate of a people or an idea for the honor of a hopeless theory." He predicts the formation of two great constitutional parties, "the Whigs and Tories of the Republic, disputing for the suffrages of public opinion, and regularly succeeding each other in power," and in this united France he thinks the old class-hatreds would disappear. The whole document breathes the spirit of a lofty moderation, and shows that years and experience are producing their effect, and that M. Gambetta is fully satisfied that the only Republic which can succeed in France is a Conservative Republic. How well his Radical associates will put up with his moderation remains to be seen, but the promulgation of such a manifesto by such a man is indeed a cheering sign for France. It produced a great sensation among all parties.

The Germans have at last succeeded in erecting in front of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, in Berlin, the monument of Stein, for which the subscriptions began to be collected nearly twenty years ago, and the unveiling of it has been perhaps the most interesting ceremony of the new Empire, for he may be said without exaggeration to have laid the foundations of the Empire. Few countries were ever in a more deplorable condition than he found Prussia, and it was the changes he brought about in its social and political organization which made its subsequent greatness possible. He procured the abolition of the cabinet, or, as it is called in Austria, the *camarilla*, composed of private and irresponsible court advisers, who stood behind the king and often overruled the ministers. He abolished serfdom and commuted the forced labor due by the peasants to the landlords for a fixed payment in money, on terms which have gradually resulted in giving them the freehold. He made the purchase of land open to all classes instead of being confined to the nobility, and thus fostered the growth of a middle class. He restored local self-government to the great majority of the Prussian towns and to the provinces, and, besides founding the University of Berlin, was mainly instrumental in organizing the present public-school system. He was, in fact, in all respects one of the greatest men of this century. He did for Prussia what Turgot might have done for France had Fate been kinder to him and his country.

MR. SHERMAN ON RESUMPTION.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* has been interviewing Senator Sherman on the so-called Resumption Act, passed last winter, and its report shows what a very strengthening and invigorating effect the recent elections are having on the minds of the politicians. Mr. Sherman is a very good specimen, and indeed is a leader, of the small body of representatives and senators who busy themselves with the solution of the currency question. He has had a hand in every financial measure of importance which has passed Congress since the war; he has been originating bills, conferring on bills, defending bills, and attacking bills ever since the country began to "prepare for resumption"; and, from his position at the head of the Senate Finance Committee, has more power and influence with regard to the currency than anybody except the Secretary of the Treasury or the President. Yet he has never shown himself to be a man of strong and bitter convictions on any political subject, but is addicted by nature to compromise, and much prefers what is called "bowing to the will of the people" to taking a bold and possibly unpopular stand on a question on which the people have not distinctly made up their mind. He has, indeed, probably a secret feeling that all questions in finance on which there is violent opposition between two extremes could be settled by means of a compromise devised by sagacious statesmanship. Last winter, on finding that there were two parties, one of which demanded immediate resumption, and the other immediate inflation, he compromised the matter by getting a bill passed providing for resumption at a date so remote that no inflationist could feel any anxiety about it, and for inflation as soon as the national banks should care to inflate. Mr. Sherman is, in fact, an excellent representative of the politician of the day, and his opinions, however little value they may have in other ways, serve as a very good index of the ebb and flow of the opinions of "the masses."

The sum and substance of what Mr. Sherman says now on the subject of resumption is, first, that an attempt will very likely be made this winter to repeal the Resumption Bill, but that it will unquestionably be defeated; that such an attempt would be a most dangerous experiment; that it would be a "step backward," while "the people (in the elections) have demanded a step forward"; that it would "authorize all holders of bonds of the United States to duplicate them in currency, to the amount of ninety per cent. of their par value, without any fear of being called upon to redeem within this generation"; that "free banking without a fixed time for redemption is an indefinite postponement of resumption"; that under the act as it stands gold enough can easily be provided—out of the surplus revenue of the Government, or by the sale of bonds, supposing the act to remain unrepealed—to enable Mr. Bristow to resume on the 1st of January, 1879; and, finally, that to do this we must have a President strongly in sympathy with the hard-money movement and a Secretary of the Treasury strongly in sympathy with him.

That there is a good deal of truth in all this cannot be denied, and it shows in a gratifying way how Mr. Sherman has been "braced up" by the vote in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Comparing his present position with that which he occupied during the currency debate of last winter, a great change may be seen. Then, instead of the whole matter being as simple as he now represents it, it was so complicated that even on the question of a "reserve" he was unable to make up his mind. In the course of the debate, it will be remembered that the question was raised by some of the bolder senators whether the eighty-two million greenbacks to be retired under the bill could be reissued or not—a rather material point, as, if they could, the bill was a wild inflation scheme under the baldest possible cover; and this question had already arisen before as to the "reserve" retired by McCulloch, and then reissued at will whenever Boutwell or Richardson fancied that the market needed "easing." It was really one of the most important questions that could be asked concerning the bill, and what Mr. Sherman did with it was to evade it. He declared (according to the report

of his remarks in the *Congressional Record*) "frankly" that "he did not propose to decide that question in this bill"; that the question "would be met" when "the time arrived." He left "every senator to decide for himself what the law was," and added the characteristic reminder, that "it was not wise, as practical men dealing with practical affairs, seeking to accomplish a result, to introduce into the bill a controversy which would prevent the unity necessary to carry out the good that is contained in the bill." In other words, he considered it "unpractical" at that time to enquire whether the bill was a real measure of contraction or was to be the first step in a new scheme of inflation. Shortly after the passage of the act he was taken to task for this, and declared, in a letter to the *Financier*, that the eighty-two millions could not be reissued; that "he stated so while the bill was pending"; and that no lawyer could put a different construction on the bill.

We bring up these quotations from the "record" of Senator Sherman not for the purpose of convicting him of inconsistency or of insincerity, but to point out why it is that what his friends call his "manly utterances" on the currency question will probably fail to reassure the public wholly. The trouble with them is that, after putting several of them side by side, you cannot make out what, taken together, they mean. Senator Sherman, in his interview, does not say a word on the subject of the reissue of the eighty-two millions of greenbacks, and within a year he has declared officially that it was a question which every one must make up his own mind about, and unofficially that it was a question about which there could be no difference of opinion. When we reflect on how the measure from which Mr. Sherman expects such brilliant results was passed, on the present condition of this elementary question as to reissue, on the popular dread of contraction—even in the late campaigns no one dared openly to advocate it, but speeches were mostly confined to denunciations of inflation, a matter quite different—on the fact that gold is higher now than last year or the year before, on the character of the statesmen whom Mr. Sherman and Mr. Bristow must rely upon to help them to resume in 1879, and, finally, on the great doubts whether the party to which they belong will remain in office more than a year longer, it is impossible to feel the confidence which Mr. Sherman expects to inspire.

That resumption would, economically speaking, be easy enough, as Mr. Sherman says, we have never doubted. The difficulty in the way is a moral, not an economical one, and it is curious, too, to observe that the moral dread of anything more positive than "gradual steps," as the platforms have it, "in the direction" of resumption, which Mr. Sherman, from his cautious way of speaking of contraction, evidently shares, is based upon a delusion which it might be supposed the actual experience of an irredeemable currency would before now have exploded. We have pointed out in the *Nation* that the worst effect of contraction—that it alters the value of contracts and prices—has actually been brought into play as effectively as possible by the wide fluctuations in the value of paper since the war. The "shrinkage" caused by an immediate repeal of the Legal-tender Act would to-day amount to fourteen or fifteen per cent., which is probably very little if at all more than the margin which has to be added to the prices of everything now to allow for a possible change in the relations of gold and paper; while within the last ten years we have seen fluctuations, the exact reach of which could not be calculated beforehand, of 50, 75, 100, and 200 per cent. The process of "growing up," which some of the statesmen of the Boutwell school expect such great things from, is simply disguised contraction. In open contraction, the amount of the currency is decreased; in this veiled contraction, the volume of transactions which the currency must answer for is increased; yet you hear statesmen of this school paint the one as a process full of hope and joy, and the other as certain to lead the country in six months to ruin. So, too, the felicitations of some financiers on the prospect which we now have of reaching the "bottom"—a consummation which simply means a shrinkage of prices, labor, and contracts from 25 to 100 per cent.—sound very queerly

when we find that they wholly object to any alteration in the value of labor, contracts, or prices through a diminution in the volume, or repeal of the legal-tender quality, of the currency. For the purpose of opening the eyes of the public to these delusions, to convince them that the obstacles in the way of resumption at an early day are bugbears, probably nothing would be so effective as the repeal of the Legal-tender Act, and we certainly hope to find that a certain number of the new representatives this winter will be bold enough at least to attempt it.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

THE Episcopal Church Congress and the Moody and Sankey Revival have given religious topics unusual prominence in the press and on the platform during the week. It is worthy of notice that both the revivalists and the members of the Congress have called especial attention to the difficulty encountered by both ministers and evangelists—as it is the fashion to call the revivalist preachers—in securing the attendance on religious exercises of the great body of the poor and irreligious people commonly called “the masses.” It has been already a frequent subject of lamentation that the revivalist meetings in Brooklyn are frequented by professing Christians who seek to have their zeal quickened, rather than by the outsiders, who have as yet given no sign whatever of religious interest. At the Church Congress, the most animated discussion in the whole proceedings was upon the failure of the Church to secure the presence of the poor at her services. In fact, in this city, and in nearly all cities, the consolations of religion do not reach those who most need consoling. Those to whom this life gives least seem to take least interest in what the future life may have in store, or, to put it differently, seem to care least whether there is any future life or not. In fact, it is impossible to enter either the Brooklyn Rink or any church in the city, except the Catholic, without being struck by the fact that Christianity seems among us to have lost its original character, as *par excellence* the religion of the lowly and miserable, and to have become the religion of the comfortable and well-to-do. It is now an old story, that to become a pewholder in all the leading churches in this and other cities is to become a stockholder in a wealthy and flourishing corporation; and the more powerful the preacher, the more it costs to hear him. One of the signs of a man's material prosperity, indeed, is his appearance in church. If he fails in business, or things go wrong with him, his attendance ceases. If he is very poor, he never shows himself in church at all. The best churches he cannot afford to go to, and the eleemosynary churches he scorns to go to. The practical result of church organization in our day is, indeed, that in the very circumstances in which temptations are most powerful, and spiritual aids to hope and courage and purity most necessary, it is hardest to secure them. We do not believe Messrs. Moody and Sankey have thrown the least light on the problem. We have no doubt that nine-tenths of their hearers, at least, are persons already connected with religious organizations or the near relatives of such persons, or members of the well-to-do classes attracted by curiosity. Mr. Moody's discourses are plainly, in their very method and phraseology, addressed to persons who are already familiar with both, and, indeed, with the whole mechanism of revivals. Nor do we think much has been said in any of the recent discussions on the subject that is very suggestive as to the remedy. The most heartily applauded paper read at the Church Congress was by the editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and was especially addressed to this subject; and though it is perhaps unsafe to judge from the meagre report, which is all we have seen, he had nothing better to urge in the last analysis than that the existing church-goer should display more religious enthusiasm. But the account he gave of the indifference of pewholders to the religious condition of the non-pewholders was virtually a confession that the pewholders are not animated by the Christian spirit, and made the subsequent call on them to display the Christian spirit—that is, the burning propagandist zeal which has given the Church all its triumphs—sound like a hollow form. It was like telling a man who does not love his mother that it is his duty

to love her, and that his course in withholding his affection is erroneous. Did the motives exist to which the preachers appeal, the appeal would be needless.

The causes which have loosened the hold of the Church on the masses are not by any means so superficial as these discussions serve to make them appear, and are not to be overcome by any religious revival. Some of them lie at the very foundations of our civilization, and others are inherent in the voluntary system of supporting public worship. Putting aside altogether the influence of scientific scepticism on all classes, the poor have grown less amenable to religious influences just in proportion to the degree in which the possibilities of this life, as regards happiness and comfort, have apparently been increased. When Christianity first came, poverty was a status in which a man who was born was most likely to die, and down almost to the French Revolution this life was treated in politics and literature, as well as in the pulpit, as simply a period of probation, to be at most endured. Since that period the poor of the Western world have been steadily and successfully taught that the evils of their condition are mainly the result of bad government or defective social arrangements, and that a state of society in which happiness will be equably diffused is within easy reach. The literature of the song-book, of the newspaper and magazine, the oratory of the pulpit and platform, have now for a century been full of this idea, and it has spread wide and sunk deep, and has turned away the attention of the unfortunate from the remote and shadowy consolations of faith to the apparently nearer and more tangible consolations of material progress. It has to be borne in mind, too, that almost every modern state supplies in a greater or less degree to every poor citizen within its limits, without reference to his religious condition, the various blessings which the ancient and mediæval poor sought in the Church—the succor, help, and comfort, the protection and equality. In other words, the state has been so permeated with the principles of Christianity, that it goes far to supply the masses with the blessings which they once found only in the Church itself. One reason, in short, why the poor man has grown so indifferent about heaven above is that he thinks he has found, or is going to find, his heaven here below; and for this state of mind the Christian philanthropist is as much responsible as anybody. He forgot and forgets that the imagination of the ignorant is very defective: that it cannot embrace wide spaces or long periods or many objects; and that, if we fill it with the joys of this world, it is pretty sure to lose its hold on the joys of the world to come. And then the sentimental form which theology has taken in all the Protestant churches, its gradual substitution of somewhat vague moral suggestions for the didactic sternness and definiteness of the old dogmatism, has had much to do with their loss of influence over the poor. The seed of the word as sown in most of the pulpits to-day, needs a soil prepared by the tenderness, grace, and affection of a well-ordered and respectable home in order to take root and bear fruit. Infalling on hearts hardened by the fierce conflict for mere animal existence, amidst squalor and hunger and peril and uncertainty, it is apt to fall on stony ground. Of the fact that there exists a close relation between material comfort and susceptibility to religious influences, there has been of late years a certain recognition by the Church in her dealings with foreign heathen; she will have to recognize it more fully before long in her dealings with domestic heathen.

The growth of artistic taste, too, combined with the passion for equality, is striking a serious blow at the voluntary system, as regards the relations of the Church to the masses. The love of beautiful and costly architecture, and of musical excellence and first-rate preaching, has taken or is taking hold of even the simplest Protestant denominations; and good taste, as we all know, is an expensive thing, and the gratification of it involves an attention to the purely business side of church matters which is a serious damper on propagandist zeal. When the pews of a church bring forty or fifty thousand dollars a year, or its music costs four or five thousand, it is not in human nature for the members to hunt up the halt and lame and blind and dirty and constrain them to come in. It would be

fatal to the Church on the commercial side if they did so; and the commercial side, as any deacon will tell you, is, in such a world as ours, in which taxes, interest, and salaries have to be paid, a side that needs looking after carefully. It is, indeed, hard to imagine anything more likely to make religion seem repelling to a poor man than the sight of one of the gorgeous edifices in which rich Christians nowadays try to make their way to heaven. Working out one's salvation clothed in the height of the fashion, as a member of a wealthy club, in a building in which the amplest provision is made for the gratification of all the finer senses, must seem to a thoughtful city mechanic, for instance, something in the nature of a burlesque. Not that the building is too good for the lofty purpose to which it is devoted, for nobody ever gets an impression of anything but solemn appropriateness from a great Catholic cathedral, but that it is the property of a close corporation who, as it might be said, "make up a party" to go to the Throne of Grace, and share the expenses equally, and fix the rate so high that only successful business-men can join. The congregational system of church maintenance, which is now really the system of all Protestant denominations, in which each church is the property of a small club, is incurably unfit for the needs of modern society, and the apparent absurdity of trying to change it is as good an illustration as we could ask of the worthlessness of revivals as indications of the real strength in our time of the Christian idea. The enthusiasm of the Rink, strong and deep as it may seem, has little of the force which conquered the barbarians, built the monasteries and cathedrals, and supplied the modern world with a new foundation for its polity.

LIFE AT THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES— A CONTRAST.

OCTOBER 25, 1875.

I CAN hardly imagine any greater contrast than that which could be drawn between the social coloring and surroundings of university life in England and Scotland. The existence of a favorite Park hack is very different from that of a Shetland pony in its native wilds, and the experiences of a drawing-room pug-dog and a rat-catcher's bull-pup are not identical. But I am not sure that the fortunes of these animals respectively present a more striking contrast than those of the smart Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate, in his jaunty cap and gown, and the lank Scottish student in his red-flannel cloak. University life in England is, in nine cases out of ten, a pleasant, cheery, easy-going continuation of the jolly life at a public school, with a little more freedom and rather more money to spend on amusement. University life at a Scottish university is an un-kempt, hungry episode, where it is all work and no play, and, in the majority of cases, barely enough money to support existence. In England, the undergraduate's motto in many colleges would be:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

In Scotland, it would be (to borrow Sydney Smith's suggestion for the *Edinburgh Review*) "tenui meditamus avenâ"—"We pursue our studies on a little oatmeal." An Oxford "freshman" comes up from Eton or Harrow, where he had a snug little study of his own, luxuriously furnished for a school-boy, with his sofa and arm-chair and little library of tattered books, his mirror ornamented with a couple of hunting whips and a fox's brush which he had secured in his holidays, and his fox-hunting or stage-coaching pictures hung round in neat oak frames. He had had his own bed in his dormitory, and his bath, and ivory-backed hair-brushes with his monogram neatly inscribed, and perhaps his miniature top-boots, which his vanity prompted him to bring to "the shop" with him in order to excite the envy of his schoolfellows. At college, he has his rooms furnished after the same model, but on a very different scale of grandeur. The miniature top-boots have amplified into full-sized realities. He keeps a couple of hunters and a hack, and goes out three times a week with the hounds when he ought to be at chapel and lectures. He has his man to wait on him, and such time as he can spare from his wine parties, and his late suppers, and his whist, he gives up to the study of aesthetics, or athletics if his taste lie that way, and, if he contemplates a Parliamentary career, to the cultivation of public speaking at the "Union Debating Society." He has a vacation at Christmas, when he goes covert-shooting and hunting alter-

nate days: a recess at Easter, when the attractions of London life will open to him, or perhaps he will take a run over to Paris; and he has a long vacation of three months and a half in summer, when he will ascend great mountains in Switzerland, or go grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing in Scotland with a little deer-stalking thrown in, or, what perhaps is the happiest time of his whole undergraduate career, join a long-vacation reading party in some beautiful spot in the Westmoreland Lake country or the north of Devonshire, with two or three congenial spirits whom he has known from boyhood, and read and bathe, and flirt with the young ladies in the neighborhood, and discuss modern poetry and ancient philosophy, with all the ardor and enthusiasm that health and vigor and comfortable means and freedom from care inspire in British youth.

And now, take a student at a Scottish university. He is not unlikely the eldest of eleven brothers and sisters brought up in his father's bothie, consisting of a "butt and a benn," in the West Highlands of Scotland. His father is a shepherd with £20 a year of wages, besides his house, cow's grass, and croft or potato-field. The lad had walked to the parochial school—six miles there and six miles back—every day, winter and summer, since he was a child. He had done well there, and his father and mother, more especially his mother, were seized with the ambition, like the parents of Dominic Sampson in "Guy Mannering," to see their son "wag his pow in a pulpit." By dint of great sacrifices, they had managed to send him to the high-school at Inverness or Glasgow, and from thence to the university. There he would probably lodge with another student in a garret furnished with a single bed, a small table and a stool, and without a fireplace, for which he would pay 3s. 6d. a week. His whole expenses, including his college fees, would not amount to £25 a year; and this he would probably earn in the summer by teaching a school in some remote part of the Highlands, or perhaps as "ghillie" to an English undergraduate on his Perthshire moor. Or, failing any such wage-bringing occupation, he would return to his father's cottage and help him to herd his sheep all day, and teach his brothers and sisters in the evening.

I do not mean that all English undergraduates are necessarily the pleasure-loving and pleasure-enjoying lads I have pictured; nor that every Scottish student shares a lodging with another at 3s. 6d. a week. But I do not exaggerate when I say that a not inconsiderable proportion of men at Christ Church, University, and Merton Colleges in Oxford, and at Trinity and Magdalen Colleges in Cambridge, do lead very much such a life as I have described, and, what is more, that they turn out to be useful and active members of society after their crop of wild oats has been taken in. At Balliol and Corpus and New Colleges in Oxford, and at Kings and Trinity—because Trinity is a sort of Noah's ark which takes in animals of every kind—in Cambridge, there are many hard-reading men who are only a little less industrious than the Scottish students. And, with regard to these latter, I have stumbled upon some curious facts which bear me out in my description. It appears that certain statistics were collected in 1867 as to the professions of the parents of the students at the different Scottish universities, which may be summarized as follows: Out of 882 students who in that year attended the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes in the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and the junior Latin and Greek classes in the University of Aberdeen, no less than 29 were sons of common laborers, farm-servants, and miners; 16 per cent. of the whole number belonged to that class of men who live by skilled labor and artisan work, blacksmiths, shoemakers, weavers, masons, carpenters, and the like; 125 were the sons of farmers; 111 were the sons of Presbyterian ministers; 94 of shopkeepers; and 39 of schoolmasters. This is a striking testimony to the cosmopolitan character of the Scottish universities, and goes some way to explain the proud boast of a Scottish Education Commission, that the proportion of matriculated students to the population is much higher than it is in any other country in Europe, or indeed in the world. In Scotland, they say there is one student to every 1,000 of the population, but in the whole of Germany there is one to every 2,600 of the population, while in England it is only one to every 5,800 of the population.

The balance, however, of enjoyment of life is to some extent redressed when we turn from the taught to the teachers, and compare the lives of the dons and tutors at the English universities with those of the professors at the Scottish universities. An old college tutor is one of the loneliest creatures in the universe. He has no wife or, as Isaac Casaubon calls the person standing in that relation to him, no "domestic hindrance to his studies," and no children. Most of his friends have got livings in the country, or have gone to London, or have become professors in some Scottish university. He has nothing to bestow affection on except his books; no one to quarrel with except his servant; no one to scold except his under-

graduate pupils, who laugh in their sleeves at the old man's anger and make fun of him among their fellows. He has his rooms in college, his meals in Hall, and his port-wine and coffee in Common-room. But he has no peace in any of the three. His rooms may be just over a rollicking freshman who carries on convivial entertainments till all hours of the morning, or just under a musical or Ritualistic scholar with an unceasing instrument. In Hall there is the constant din of undergraduate prattle, and in Common-room a running fire of classical jokes and academic witticisms from the junior dons. He can never shake himself free of his tutorial duties. Chapel in the mornings, lectures in the forenoons, improving walks with promising pupils between lectures and dinner; essays and exercises, bad Latin prose and worthless Greek iambs, to look over and correct all night. Even his vacations he can hardly call his own. He probably remains in college during the Christmas and Easter recess, and takes a reading party with him in the long vacation. It is a forlorn, monkish, half-developed life. But, withal, it is a useful life, only in nine cases out of ten the utility of it is of the same kind as the benevolent utility of a maiden aunt. There are, of course, very many exceptions to this sort of existence both in Oxford and Cambridge—men who succeed in influencing to the best ends many generations of young Englishmen, who become prominent and useful members of society; and there are others who make names for themselves in the highest paths of literature. There are some, too, who have energy and force of character to do both these things—to do their duty unwearyingly towards their pupils and to become distinguished men themselves. And these men, no doubt, lead as happy and quite as useful lives as the happiest of the Scottish professors. And what an enviable term of learned leisure these eminent professors have! Their university terms begin in November and end in April—just the time a man wants some gentle occupation in a pleasant town like the capital of Scotland. The whole of spring, the whole of summer, and nearly the whole of autumn is their own, to do with it what they like. During all that time they are not called upon to give a thought to their professorial duties. They can go abroad or to their country-houses—and most of them have their country-houses—or to their yachts, or, if they prefer it, they can stay in their university homes, surrounded by their families, and occupy themselves upon some *magnum opus* which will make their fame. And during session, their labors are not herculean. They teach their huge classes of one hundred or one hundred and fifty raw Scottish students, or lecture to them, two hours a day, for five days in the week; and after the fatigues of the day are over, at twelve or one o'clock they return to their homes to luncheon, and are not called upon to give another thought to their students till ten o'clock next morning. No wonder that their life is envied by the English don, who cannot shake himself free of the inevitable undergraduate by day or night. There is, however, one crook in their lot—they are doomed by the exigencies of the Scottish school and university system to teach the elements of Greek and Latin and mathematics, and they have next to no endowments!

THE ULTRAMONTANE CHECK IN BAVARIA.

OCTOBER 25, 1875.

BAVARIA was the last to leave the stage of German politics this summer, and now she has been the first to reappear on it. Thanks to the tactics of the Ultramontanes, this opening of the political campaign has been of great dramatic effect; whether it is to have any material results of great importance, only the future can reveal. Some Liberal papers try to persuade themselves and the public that a decisive victory has been won; in fact, only a violent but exceedingly ill-managed attack has been repulsed.

You remember that the Ultramontanes had elected a majority of two into the Lower Chamber, 79 against 77; since then one of the Liberal delegates has died, so that at present the parties stand 79 to 76. There was from the first no doubt that, on the strength of this majority of two, the Ultramontanes would claim it as a right, which the Government was bound scrupulously to respect, that the present cabinet should be forthwith dismissed. Dr. Jörg went so far as to blame the Ministers severely for not evacuating the field as soon as the result of the elections was known. But even if Bavaria could be admitted to be a constitutional state, in the sense we are wont to attach to the word with regard to England, the model constitutional monarchy, the precedents would not fully bear out the claim of the Ultramontanes. I need not remind American readers for how long a time Pitt faced a much larger hostile majority in the House of Commons. The contest lasted from the 17th of December, 1789, to the 8th of March, 1784. In sixteen divisions the Opposition triumphed. But the "angry boy," as only a short time before Sheridan had called Pitt, stood his ground

until he had reduced the majority of the coalition to a single vote in a full House, and then he dissolved Parliament, appealing to the nation, and coming out of the new elections "the greatest subject that England had seen during many generations." In this respect, therefore, the Bavarian Ultramontanes want to outdo the constitutionalism of England; while, on the other hand, they take exception to the very corner-stone of parliamentary government as understood in England. Among the great quantity of misdemeanors laid to the charge of Dr. Faeustle, the Minister of the Department of Justice, his being a member of the Lower Chamber has been so strongly emphasized that he has thought proper to subject the charge to a full and close examination, deeming it even necessary to resort to precedents for his justification. According to his accusers, a cabinet minister can hardly have the time to attend with due diligence to his duties as a delegate, and, principally, it cannot be proper for him to accept of a seat because his judgment as a delegate must be influenced by the fact of his being a cabinet minister. Have these people ever so much as heard of there being a great kingdom known by the name of Great Britain? A constitutional monarchy with a so strictly parliamentary government that a majority of two against them in the Lower Chamber should cause the cabinet to resign at once, and in which it is nevertheless highly improper for a minister to be a member of the Lower Chamber, is certainly an invention worthy to challenge the highest admiration. And the best of it is that there is not the slightest trace of constitutional law in this valiant onset for the maintenance of constitutionalism in Bavaria. Not only does the letter of the Bavarian constitution know nothing of its being the duty of the king to select the members of his cabinet in conformity to the views of the majority in the Lower Chamber, but such a fetter on the will of the sovereign is also most unquestionably against the spirit of it.

It is, of course, fully admitted on all sides that a permanent disagreement between the "Government" and the Chambers on the whole tenor and tendency of the policy to be pursued would finally result in a fatal standstill of the whole political machinery. The minority only insist that, rather than yield to the present majority, this danger should be incurred for a while, in order to try whether a favorable turn of the party scales cannot be brought about. The telegraph will have informed you that the king has adopted this view, and prorogued the Landtag for an indefinite time on the 19th inst.

The Ultramontanes had overcharged their gun, and it has burst. From the very first moment they were anxious to show in a most signal manner that they were determined to bend the king at the first onset at the risk of breaking—not him, but their own small chance, which they had secured by the utmost exertions. The "Bureau" of the Chamber was composed entirely of Ultramontanes, though it is a pretty well-established usage in our representative bodies to accord a share in it to large minorities, and though the Liberals, when they had the majority, at once offered the Opposition one seat in it. So there was no doubt left that what I ventured to predict some months ago had actually taken place: the lead had been accorded to the extremists. And yet the actual state of affairs is not quite correctly so to be described. Infallibility is evidently not confined to the Pope. If there is another instance in the parliamentary history of the world of one man exercising such a despotic sway over his party as Dr. Jörg has done in this session of the Bavarian Landtag, and of a party glorying so much in playing the part of a senseless herd, I have never heard of it. Dr. Jörg, as chairman of the committee to prepare the draught of an address to the king, obstinately refused to make known his draught to the members of the committee before the formal discussion of it. Though this was another flagrant violation of a well-established custom, the chairman was fully sustained by the majority of the committee, who—again trampling under foot all precedents—voted further to have the room cleared of all members of the House attending the debate as listeners and spectators. When the Liberals complained of unfair play, because the draught had undoubtedly been concerted in a caucus of the Ultramontanes, Dr. Jörg emphatically denied it, declaring that nobody beside himself had the slightest knowledge of it. Mr. Von Stauffenberg, the leader of the Liberals, was therefore certainly correct in declaring that he could not treat it as the draught of the majority, but only as the draught of Dr. Jörg. The committee, however, as well as the House, swallowed it whole without wincing. According to certain ultra-democratic papers, Dr. Jörg has proved himself a political tactician of a very high order, first, by carefully avoiding to proffer any specific charges against the cabinet, with the single exception of the gerrymandering of the election districts; and, secondly, by not so much as alluding to the "Culturkampf." The quarrel about the election districts can hardly be of interest to Americans. Suffice it to say that the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* has proved, in three long and very-carefully prepared articles, that,

from whichever point of view one may look at the question, there is not the shadow of a foundation for the complaints brought against the cabinet on this head. So the only specific charge falls to the ground, while the general accusations appear in such a dress that the Ultramontanes, if they themselves believed in their justness, would have shamefully failed to do their duty in not proposing at once the impeachment of the Ministers.

That this bullying tone would make an impression on the king was certain enough, but to suppose that it would have the desired effect was exceedingly naïve. The king has many peculiarities which will always be a great temptation for *Kladderadatsch*, but he is a perfect and high-toned gentleman, quick to resent the slightest attack on his royal dignity; with all his jealous watching over the sovereignty of Bavaria, a good German patriot; and not only in his romantic whims, but also in all other things, of a lofty, though eccentric turn of mind. As neither the coarse abuse of the Ministers, nor the still coarser flattery showered on himself, could produce anything but disgust in his mind, so something more than the mere not mentioning of the "Culturkampf" would have been necessary to deceive him about the plans of the Ultramontanes. Dr. Jörg, while priding himself on the fact that he is the first Ultramontane who ever took a seat in the Bavarian Landtag, passionately disclaims that the present majority of 79 are the representatives of the Ultramontane party, or, in fact, any party at all; they are nothing but "Bavarian patriots," striving to save Bavaria from being swallowed up by the Empire, and to secure once more to the country the blessings of justice, liberty, and peace. The Ministers, on the other hand, have declared, in so many words, that what these "patriots" are really aiming at is to bring the state under the yoke of Rome, and the king has refused to receive the address and has kept his cabinet, expressing in the strongest terms his full confidence in its integrity and statesmanship. And this declaration is, by royal command, to be sent to every burgomaster of the kingdom, and to be read by him to the assembled community. The historical word of his ancestor, "I will have peace with my people," of which Dr. Jörg had tried to make a stumbling-block for him, the royal hand has taken up to use as a war-club. Now the Bavarian people hear, in a manner which admits of no quibbling, what the real opinion of their king is with regard to the political manoeuvres of their priests, and we shall see who has the strongest hold on their hearts—the King or the Pope. Were it indeed a master-stroke, yet without the hoped-for effect, no blame would fall on him who has dealt it. What its probable effect will be you may learn from the very best authority. The *Germania* writes: "Our party is not yet so far along that it can already attain decisive successes; we should, therefore, deem it a misfortune if a momentarily favorable constellation of circumstances should give it a victory which it could neither maintain nor sufficiently improve. The Bavarian patriots are for the present saved from this danger." But, in spite of this authoritative testimony, I repeat what I said in the beginning—no decisive victory has been won, but only an exceedingly ill-managed attack repulsed. Space and time forbid me to give to-day the reasons on which this opinion rests, but opportunities enough will be offered to throw sufficient light on them in future letters, though these may treat of subjects without any apparent connection with this question.

Correspondence.

CAN CONGRESS REISSUE GREENBACKS FOR EVER?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your No. 539 suggests the propriety of Congress passing a law to restrict legal tender to gold and silver after July 4, 1876, but he can hardly have much faith in believing that Congress will ever pass such a statute. I do not, however, think it necessary, because I believe such is the law to-day, though my faith is not very strong that the Supreme Court of the United States would so declare it.

The cases of *Knox v. Lee* and *Parker v. Davis* (12 Wallace, p. 457), which reversed *Hepburn v. Griswold* and sustained the constitutionality of the legal-tender clause, gave the war as the excuse for the legislation, and go no further than to justify the legal-tender clause during the war. The Court says, p. 553, "for the time being"; p. 560, "during the pending exigency"; p. 563, "for the time being"—afterwards, on the same page, defined to be "when the exigencies of the State rightfully absorb all subordinate considerations of private interest, convenience, or feeling," and, p. 567, "upon extraordinary and pressing occasions, such as war or other public exigencies of great gravity and importance." So the last statute authorizes the issue of greenbacks "if required by the exigencies of the

public service, and for the payment of the army and navy and other creditors of the Government"; and with regard to the reissue of the notes one statute says: "From time to time, as the exigencies of the public interests (in another statute 'services') shall require." Finally, on this point the Court says, p. 567, "And should be no longer exerted than all the circumstances of the case demand"; and, p. 541, "It is urged now after the lapse of nine years, and when the emergency has passed."

It is true that the question when the exigency ceases is one which the Court declares is within the discretion of Congress, but this discretion goes only to the determination of the time when the greenbacks shall be redeemed, and unfortunately, under the decision, if not otherwise controlled, would leave Congress able, as I fear it is too willing, to neglect for ever to redeem the greenback, and thus practically make it read "this is a dollar"—a conclusion which the Supreme Court was not willing to allow, although unwilling to deny.

The greenbacks are not a legal tender to-day; first, because of the reissue of notes from the \$44,000,000 which were retired, cancelled, and destroyed, and their commingling with the \$356,000,000 of original notes outstanding, and the consequent destruction thereby of the possibility of proving a legal tender, since the reissue notes are not a legal tender, and their separation from the otherwise legal-tender notes cannot be made. Second, because the emergency which called the legal-tenders into existence has passed; and the notes, which are certificates of debt, and are so declared by the Supreme Court, have been, since the cessation of the exigency, all redeemed by the Government in internal-revenue receipts, and, although reissued from time to time, have been so under conditions of peace, and must be tested as to their legal-tender quality by the circumstances of the time of their reissue. The reasoning of the cases in the Supreme Court would not now justify them; and the matter is not within the discretion of Congress, since the reissue is a different thing from the redemption of the greenback. The redemption has been made, and the discretion of Congress is exhausted. The reissue is as if no such note had ever been out.

Even if the Court should extend the discretion of Congress to the reissue of the greenbacks, such extension would be limited by the language of the acts themselves to be exercised only so long as the exigencies of the public interests or services should require; and the redemption by the Government of its bonds before their maturity is too plain proof to be gainsaid that the exigencies have ceased. With their cessation has ceased also the authority given to Congress to reissue greenbacks.

J.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 30, 1875.

[J. D.'s reasoning strikes us as remarkably sound, but the misfortune is that the Supreme Court, in laying it down that Congress has the right, at its discretion, to issue irredeemable money, has thrown open the doors to a wide and arbitrary exercise of power which it cannot now control. Down to the time of the reargument of the legal-tender cases, the Court had the matter within its grasp. They might perfectly well have brought the legal-tender delusion to an end by their decision, but they were afraid to do it, and the result is that, as our correspondent points out, they have made it impossible to say what the limit of the legal-tender power is. Apparently Congress can, if it chooses to say that the "public exigencies" require it, do anything it pleases with the currency, and the vague, weak, and vacillating opinions in the legal-tender cases seem to show that little is to be hoped from the Court of last resort. The fact is that constitutional law as a protection against the paper-money madness has broken down; we have little to hope for from any system of hermeneutics that may be adopted at Washington, and we must rely now on our own exertions to restore the currency to a sound condition.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

HENRY HOLT & CO. announce as nearly ready a fifth volume of Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions," consisting of five papers on land tenure and various reviews; and two editions of Taine's "Philosophy of Art in Italy." Next year they will publish also the latter's "Genesis of Contemporary France."—The Misses Smith, of Glastonbury, Conn., whose struggles with the tax-collector have given them a wide notoriety, announce through the *Woman's Journal* that they are about to publish through a Hartford firm an original translation of the Bible. They make the rather

surprising statement that they have written out the Bible (*sic*) five times—twice from the Hebrew, twice from the Greek, and once from the Vulgate.—Gen. W. B. Hazen, U.S.A., has just printed at Minneapolis a small pamphlet entitled ‘Some Corrections of ‘Life on the Plains.’ Gen. Custer, in the work cited, had blamed Gen. Hazen for protecting at Fort Cobb the Kiowas fresh from the bloody engagement of Washita; and Gen. Sheridan had adopted this view. Gen. Hazen puts the matter beyond dispute. Some few Kiowas, but not those by agreement under his charge at Fort Cobb, took part in the fight at Washita; and duty not less than humanity constrained him to prevent Gen. Custer’s command from slaughtering in their lodge; the then peaceful and unoffending main body of the Kiowas.—G. P. Putnam’s Sons have in press a Japanese romance, entitled ‘Chinshingura; or, The Loyal League,’ translated by Fred. V. Dickins, with notes and an appendix containing a metrical version of the ‘Ballad of Takasagi.’ Fac-simile illustrations of the original Japanese text and of Japanese engravings will distinguish the volume. Messrs. Putnam are to be the American publishers of the international ‘Library of Contemporary Science,’ of which three volumes—on linguistics, biology, and anthropology—are already announced.—Trübner & Co.’s fall announcements include ‘Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History,’ by James Picciotto; a new edition of Greg’s ‘Literary and Social Judgments,’ with a portrait of the author; ‘Christianity and Buddhism Compared,’ by the late R. Spence Hardy; ‘Chinese Sketches,’ by Herbert A. Giles; and a collection of Chinese proverbs by William Scarborough, Wesleyan missionary at Hankow.—Among the fictions which are announced to appear in the excellent French juvenile *Magasin d’Education*, are ‘Le Courier du Czar,’ by Jules Verne, one of the editors of the magazine, and translations of Mr. Aldrich’s ‘Story of a Bad Boy,’ and Mr. Bret Harte’s ‘Baby Sylvester’—this last by M. Th. Bentzon, who has contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* many translations of characteristic sketches of American life and manners.

—We have received from the Historical Society of Pennsylvania their new historical map of that State. Although it is the result of more than twenty years of research on the part of the compiler, Mr. P. W. Sheaffer, it is in the nature of a first proof, and is sent out for corrections and additions by the learned in such matters. So far as we are aware, no other State has ever been mapped in this way; for New Jersey and Delaware, however, the present sheet contains a large number of details that would prove most useful to their respective cartographers. In Pennsylvania we have the physical features sufficiently indicated, along with the county and other territorial divisions; the several purchases from the aborigines; the Indian trails; the sites of forts, battle-fields, and naval engagements; the various settlements, with date affixed, etc. Especially has an effort been made to preserve the Indian names of places, rivers, and mountains. The State boundary lines at different epochs are also carefully laid down, most famous as well as most familiar being Mason and Dixon’s. Across the Delaware is marked the Province line between East and West Jersey, still traceable in the western boundaries of Ocean, Monmouth, and Somerset Counties. The scale of the map is about twelve miles to the inch, and for the larger portion of the State this gives ample room for the lettering, but in the counties along the Delaware either more room was desirable or more artistic lettering. In fact, if the Society could afford it, one would feel inclined to recommend putting the present map as raw material into the hands of professional map-makers like those of Gotha, or, to go less far away from home, like Mr. Julius Bien and his assistants in this city. But it will doubtless be best to await the much-needed scientific survey of the State. Meantime, we suggest to the Society whether it be not practicable to make a series of smaller maps, of the size of the text which accompanies this one, and to be bound ultimately in the same covers, showing at convenient periods the extent of settlement in Pennsylvania and, in the manner of Gen. Walker’s ‘Statistical Atlas,’ the density of population.

—The full report of Rohlfs’s expedition in the Libyan Desert is to be published in three volumes by T. Fischer in Cassel. The first volume will constitute an independent book, and contain the leader’s general report. This will be accompanied by engravings, a map, and sixteen photographs, after those of Remelé taken for the Khedive, of whose excellence and rarity we spoke in No. 514 of the *Nation*. The other two volumes are to contain details of the scientific work of the exploring party, including the results of a full examination of the collections brought back to Europe. The first volume is now appearing in monthly parts. The distinguished explorer made his first public appearance in this city before the American Geographical Society last Thursday evening.

—Professor Richard A. Proctor, in one of his recent lectures on astro-

nomy, has been following the example of Professor Tyndall, by “abandoning all disguise” with regard to the origin of things. The *New York Tribune* thought and said that he had announced his “conversion” to the doctrine of evolution, but he writes to that journal to explain “what has really taken place.” We give the account of it in his own language:

“Let the dogmatic teachings of a particular church be called A, and let the teachings of science be called B. Then either (1) A and B are consistent, or, being inconsistent, the error lies (2) with A or (3) with B. Two years ago I was satisfied with the first of these explanations. But you know what happened after the Belfast address. Theologians, who ought at least to know what their Church requires, proclaimed loudly that the views B are utterly inconsistent with the views A. They convinced me that that is so; while I remained as well satisfied as ever that views B are right in the main. My obvious inference is that some error exists in views A. Theologians who teach A assure me that I must either accept A without question or depart from among them. My choice between these alternatives could not be doubtful. Hence, simply the most marked circumstance of my change of position.”

We think we can make the matter even clearer than this without the aid of a diagram or of algebraic signs. Prof. Proctor was, we believe, a Catholic. Until lately, he thought the dogmatic account given by his Church of the origin of the world was reconcilable with the teachings of science. In the year 1872, however, he learnt from certain theologians, who disapproved of Professor Tyndall’s Belfast address, that he had been mistaken, and received notice from them that if he adhered to the teachings of science he must “depart from among them”; and he has accordingly done so. Now, the only thing remarkable in all this is that Professor Proctor, although a scientific man, should have held that two views of the origin of things, one of which he now confesses he did not understand, were entirely compatible. That a gentleman who forms his opinions in this loose way should have recently had his eyes opened to the error of one of them is, or ought to be, doubtless, a gratifying circumstance to his personal friends. But it can hardly be said to have much scientific or public importance, and we think both the *Tribune* and Mr. Proctor himself have given too much attention to it. A scientific man, as such, can properly only hold that the teachings of science and those of a particular Church are consistent after a proper examination of both. If he reaches or has reached this conclusion without such examination—or, in other words, has held it unintelligently or ignorantly—his proper course is to say nothing about the matter, and politeness requires that his friends should not allude to it.

—Preparatory to a prolonged absence in Europe, a collector in this city recently sold six pictures, which have since been on exhibition at Knoedler’s gallery. They are “Partie Perdue,” by Meissonier; “Molière chez Louis XIV.,” by Gérôme; “Les Contributions Indirectes,” by Zamacoïs; “La Fin de la Journée,” by Jules Breton; “Les Enfants de la Princesse Clothilde,” by Alma Tadema; and “La Halte de la Diligence,” by J. G. Vibert. With the exception of Zamacoïs, the artists are all living. The price paid (reported as \$50,000) was probably the largest ever given in this country at private sale for six pictures, and there seems to be little doubt that it was far less than the market-value in Paris, whither the purchaser at once shipped them for sale. Most of these paintings were originally bought in 1866, and a good profit has now been realized upon them. The Zamacoïs was the most judicious investment; it was purchased from the artist before the opening of the salon of 1866 for twenty-five hundred francs. Before it left the salon ten thousand francs was offered for it; it has now been sold for about fifteen thousand francs, and the buyer has already refused an advance of fifteen per cent.; he holds it for sale at twenty-five thousand francs. It is to be regretted that these pictures could not have remained in this country. The Meissonier was probably the finest specimen of the artist’s work ever brought to America. The Vibert was sent over to Europe two years ago at the artist’s request to be exhibited in Vienna. The “Molière chez Louis XIV.” was the original; a replica was painted in 1866 by Gérôme’s pupils for the use of the engraver, which was afterwards retouched by the artist himself and sold. Molière has been introduced by M. Gérôme, this time in conjunction with Scarron, into a more recent picture exhibited in the salon of 1874. “Une Collaboration,” of which there was a wood-cut in the *Art Journal* for last February.

—Before Gérôme, Ingres had painted “Molière chez Louis XIV.,” and yet there would seem to be no truth in the anecdote which suggested the pictures. M. Eugène Despois, the editor of what is likely to be the standard edition of Molière, devotes to its demolition a whole chapter of his interesting volume on ‘Le Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.,’ which he sarcastically entitles ‘La Légende de l’en-cas de nuit.’ Molière was an hereditary valet-le-chambre of the king, and as such assisted in the formal making of the king’s bed. According to the anecdote, some of the noble valets objected

to such association with a comedian. To rebuke them, Louis XIV. ordered in the repast which was always ready in case the monarch should feel hungry in the night, and, commanding Molière to sit down, his majesty himself helped him to the wing of a chicken, in the presence of the discomfited courtiers. This is a very pretty story, and it is almost a pity that it is not true. But the evidences in its favor are so slight as to be well-nigh valueless, while the evidence against it is so strong as to be well-nigh overwhelming. In the fierce light which beat upon his throne we see the life of Louis XIV. as we can see that of but few men. Every incident of his long reign is down in black and white in the interminable memoirs and correspondence of the time. But in neither letter nor diary is there any reference to an incident which in the eyes of the courtiers would have been of unexampled importance. The story was first made public in 1823 in the memoirs of Mme. Campan, who said she had it from her father, who had it from an old physician-in-ordinary to Louis XIV. Since 1823 it has been repeated time and again. But there is positive evidence to corroborate the negative. Saint-Simon declares distinctly that except in the army the king never ate with any man, not even with the princes of the blood-royal, excepting only at the feasts he gave them at their weddings. In short, the story rests solely upon the second-hand authority of an anonymous physician. M. Despois despairs of ever weakening the popular belief in the incident.

—In No. 534 we mentioned the swindling sales of so-called American degrees carried on abroad. The subject has been ventilated again of late in the English papers, and the London *Lancet* expresses the hope that Congress may be led to do something for the regulation of medical degrees among us. The character of these bogus degrees has been so often and so fully exposed (we believe one was overhauled in a German court last winter) that one might suppose the demand would have ceased. Mr. Sparks's correspondence with the educational authorities in Washington and Pennsylvania, to which we alluded the other day, resulted in an announcement that the charter of the notorious "American University of Philadelphia" was revoked some years ago. If this mean before the autumn of 1873, it has certainly had little influence on the operations of the active agents for the sale of its diplomas abroad, though the advertisements have been less numerous this summer than for some time. We are informed that in October, 1873, "Medicus" continued to promise an "M.D." or "Ph.D." in consideration of \$125. He was still distributing a little tract, dated "October, 1872," and printed in German for "private circulation among students and candidates [for a degree]," setting forth the innumerable privileges and facilities of the "University" as well as the eminence and literary activity of its "thirty to forty" professors (particularly of Dr. J. Buchanan), but above all calling the attention of intending foreign candidates to P. F. W. van der Vyver, Dr. jur. (?), of Jersey (Eng.), who was authorized to arrange for parchment certificates of an education in their absence. Mr. Sparks's experience shows that "Medicus" (i.e., v. d. Vyver) is still active, and we learn from a Philadelphia paper that he last year extended his operations to Spain. He is not wanting in a kind of grim humor, and once informed a correspondent that his university was "a far superior establishment than the Harvard College" whose new degree in Philosophy he was asked to purchase. Philadelphia is not alone in the glory of this trade. A London agent recently offered to procure the LL.D. degree of the "Livingstone University" (Haddonfield, N. J.) "in consideration of a subscription to the building fund." In September, a certain (or uncertain) E. Sturman ("Packington College, 145 Packington Street, London, N.") wrote an assistant of a leading firm of London druggists: "I can influence you the diploma of A.M. and Ph.D., or B.Sc., or D.Sc., etc., from several universities in the States . . . if you will send the fee (£15) I will send you the document at once with the registration certificate." No names of universities were given, and the correspondence was unfortunately published without waiting for details.

—Meanwhile, the traffic still goes on in Germany. Within a few weeks one of our correspondents has been offered a degree in Medicine or Philosophy by a Berlin agent. He proposed a document from Philadelphia or Haddonfield in return for \$130. The degrees were declared to be very popular, and to have been extensively sold, and to be useful "in the provinces as well as in Berlin." The Berliner knew of no choice in the "Universities," and, pressed for particulars, sent the annual announcement for 1873-4 of the "American University of Philadelphia," as advertised by "John Buchanan, M.D., Dean." It may seem superfluous to devote so much space to such a subject. If foreigners care for this sort of thing, it may be said, let them get cheated. Bogus degrees, however, are not like poor mowing-machines or bad oil: the fact of their being sold at all has

reflected severely upon all our higher institutions of learning. It is not enough to reply that German universities have had a very bad name too, so bad that some years ago one of the best of those in Prussia, exasperated by frequent enquiry from England concerning the price of a degree *in absentia*, felt called upon to announce publicly that it only gave degrees upon examination. All interested in the higher education among us may be very sure that these bogus degrees have really done us harm by lessening, where possible, foreign (and particularly German) esteem for our colleges. Many an American has been abashed on being asked by educated Germans, and in earnest, too, if this Philadelphia concern (whose abode is or was 514 Pine Street) be not our first University. And perhaps none of our institutions is safe from the insult of being addressed by traffickers on the other side in letters like the following, which we are permitted to publish, and which, it will be observed, is a very late instance:

"2 LOMBARD COURT, GRACE CHURCH STREET, [ALTERED TO]

PARKER, 89 CHANCERY LANE,

Solicitor.

"LONDON, ENGLAND, 9 October, 1875.

"SIR: I have a student with me who is desirous of proceeding to the degree of B.A.* *in absentia*. I therefore beg to enquire if your University will confer it upon him, and if so, what fees shall I remit for?

"Writing you in strict confidence, I am, yours truly,

"THOMAS PARKER.

* Or M.A.

"To the Secretary Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Greene County, Ohio."

—The following case of "journalism" occurred in the New York *Times* of November 13 and November 15. It is curious and instructive to see the way the quotation-marks are worked in as the writer gets heated and reckless over his own errors. The Italics are ours:

(*The Nation*, November 12.)

The plain facts of the case are that the Reformers solemnly called on Tammany two years ago to reform the organization and expel the bad men. So Kelly, assisted by a few respectable men like Mr. A. S. Hewitt, did drive out Morrissey and his following, probably the worst lot of rascals by which any Christian city was ever infested.

The above, as journalized by the *Times*:

(*Times*, November 13.)

Then the *Nation* said that "Morrissey and his kind" were driven out of Tammany Hall two years ago, whereas nothing of the sort took place two years, or even one year, ago.

(*Times*, November 15.)

The *Nation*, with astonishing ignorance of all the facts, says that "Morrissey and his kind were driven out of Tammany Hall two years ago." Morrissey was, indeed, driven out a few months ago, in consequence of a personal quarrel with Fox and Kelly—but was Fox, a much worse man in every way, driven out?

—Messrs. Head & Meek, of Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, have published a curious series of reprints of old English newspapers and gazettes from 1588 down to modern times. They all made their original appearance at important dates, and give the public the benefit of important news. The first of them is the *English Mercurie* (published by Authority, For the Prevention of false Reports), dated at Whitehall, July 23, 1588, containing the earliest intelligence of the descent upon the English coast of the Spanish Armada, and the naval fight between the galleons and galleasses of Duke Medina-Sidonia and the English under the Lord High Admiral as well as Sir Francis Drake, and Rear-Admirals Hawkins and Frobisher, who, about one in the afternoon, with eighty sail, came in sight of the Spanish armada "sailing in the form of a half-moon, the points whereof were seven leagues asunder." The galleons and galleasses were of a size "never seen before in our seas," and appeared like "floating castles." Nevertheless, "acclamations of joy resounded through the whole fleet," and the action began which ended so disastrously for the pride of "our bigotted and blood-thirsty adversaries the Spaniards." No. 19 of the *Weekly News* (January 31, 1606) contains an account of the execution of Thomas Winter, Rookewood, Keyes, and "the great Devil of all, Guy Fawkes, alias Johnson," whose body was so weak with torture and sickness that he was "scarce able to go up the ladder, yet with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck by the fall." As we come down to modern times, we find newspapers announcing the Death of Oliver Cromwell, the Plague, the Great Fire of London, and among the files of the *Times* the news of the Battle of the Nile, of Copenhagen, of Trafalgar, the funeral of Lord Nelson, and finally, the Battle of Waterloo. Altogether, the collection is curious and interesting, though it has an illusory effect in bringing us, for perspective, almost too near the great events of the past. To journalists the collection will be very interesting, as it throws a good deal of light on the progress of the newspaper from the time when it was a sort of official bulletin issued "for the prevention of false

reports" to the present century, in which journalism has become a profession the members of which have for their chief duty not the suppression but the dissemination of reports of all sorts.

—A report from Cavallari (*Bullettino della commissione di antichità e belle arti di Sicilia*, No. 7, Parte Prima, Palermo, 1874) adds considerably to our knowledge of Selinus and its ruins. In 1872 Cavallari discovered the extensive necropolis of Selinus; in 1873 and 1874 he burrowed further, and found in all directions graves with vases. In order to complete his plan of Selinus, he undertook to find the street leading out from the city to the necropolis. Removing the masses of sand, he came upon the ruins of a smallish stone building, nearly square, and of the purest Doric, apparently of the fifth century before Christ, although in this matter of dates there is still some uncertainty. Some 800 lamps and statuettes were picked up in the building and its immediate vicinity. An inscription, of which almost the only word legible was HEKATAI, led to the conjecture that it was a temple of Hekate. But it now appears from the full plan and description that there is no cella, and, furthermore, both the east and the west ends are alike open. In all probability, therefore, it was a sort of portal or lodge to the cemetery. If so, it is the only building of the kind known. Further excavations on the acropolis of Selinus have unearthed quantities of weapons on the spot where Cavallari puts the agora. As the last stand made by the men of Selinus against the hordes of Carthaginians was, according to Diodorus, xiii. 57, in the agora, it is a strong argument in favor of Cavallari's theory of the situation of the agora, and it may well be that the arms lately found were the identical ones used in that unequal and desperate struggle.

—The excavations near the Dipylon at Athens are still going on; they have reached the lower floor of two houses, with remains of mural paintings. In one was a small collection of money, fifty-six coins of Athens and of Mithridates. Word has come to Athens that the part of the Elgin Marbles lost by shipwreck near Cerigo has been discovered by the aid of divers. A commission of the Archaeological Society has gone to Cerigo to raise the sunken treasures, if possible. The survey of Athens and its neighborhood is pushed on with vigor under the direction of the Prussian engineer Kaupert, who received a furlough in March last to enable him to take charge of this very important work.

—Garibaldi's plan for improving the Roman Campagna has recently been the subject of very adverse criticism in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, under initials that suggest the capable editor of the *Ausland*. He has paid considerable attention to the literature of the subject, and uses Prof. Filopanti's little book as the exposition by which the plan is to be judged. His conclusion is by no means flattering to the much-lauded project, which he declares ought to satisfy no one having the real development of that part of Italy at heart. Too much stress is laid upon the regulation of the Tiber, far too little upon the improvement of the Agro Romano. The value of the proposed work at Fiumicino is much exaggerated, and the changes to be made in the river are given a totally disproportionate consequence. Any plan for improving the Campagna, says the critic, must use three important enemies of malaria: human dwellings, canals for drainage, and trees. Not only the great swamps of Ostia and Maccarese must be removed, but all standing water must be drained off. Trees must be planted in great numbers—preferably the eucalyptus, though other trees of rapid growth and abundant foliage will do. Along with these tree-plantations must go the work of colonization, a factor of prime importance in the regenerative process. To render this work practicable he proposes that a beginning be made at the lower end, where a strip of coast (usually free from malaria) would be in the rear as a protection, and the work gradually pushed forward in the less dangerous season with the south wind, and leaving only improved colonized land behind. It is, however, admitted that some considerable regulation of the Tiber will be required.

LLOYD'S AGE OF PERICLES.*

THIS is a handsome book in two volumes, of some four hundred pages each, devoted to the history of Greece for the fifty years between 479 and 429 B.C. No one who knows that period will think this too much space for the full story of it. Mr. Lloyd's treatment is minute and elaborate, and in many respects valuable. We cannot help wishing that the plan had been somewhat different—that he had expanded the introduction so that the opening of the history itself with the evening after the battle of

Salamis might have been less abrupt; that he had omitted some of the anecdotes and detailed narratives, such as that of the Corinthian and Corcyrean sea-fights, which have been well enough told before and seem to contribute nothing to his purpose, so as to gain room for more of original discussion of his proper theme; that he had not stopped so suddenly with the death of his hero, but had gone on, as even Thucydides in the same circumstances does, to consider the immediately following years as throwing some light backwards. We notice, too, what seems disproportionate space given to Themistocles, who is really the hero of the whole first volume. Still, we welcome the book as it is, for, as a contribution to scholarship, the knowledge of what antiquity can tell us about itself and the criticism of that information, it has real value. Mr. Lloyd's criticisms are concerned mainly with minor points of chronology, the different departments of art, and the relations of art to history. One is tempted to wish that in his evidently wide reading of Greek authors he had caught something of the admirable clearness of style which marks most of those of this period. He has a habit of describing in roundabout phrase, instead of directly naming the thing he means, and another, of qualifying an expression by adding another of different or equivalent meaning, which load down his sentences. It wears the reader needlessly to have to grasp such sentences as the following, which are not extreme examples. Speaking of state expense for public amusements, he says (I. 228), "So does the prudence at least, if not the obligation quite so readily, become in some degree recognized, of giving more unity to the system of society by a better diffusion of enjoyment, as well as comfort, than is the outcome of the vaunted, of the so often misstated and misunderstood, law of supply and demand." Again, in connection with the siege of Samos (II. 142), "It is happy that indignation should be unanimous on at least atrocities of this nature, though in truth they add but a very trifle to either the wickedness or [the] miseries that are involved, with applause no less unanimous for the actors, in what is known at this day as civilized warfare." But passing over such details, as well as some few misprints and inaccuracies, we propose to consider the more prominent features of the book.

The principal novelty in Mr. Lloyd's view of the 'Age of Pericles' consists in the connection which he endeavors to establish between art and history. This is made prominent on the title-page, and might perhaps have been anticipated from his previously published studies in art-criticism. Taking into consideration, so far as in any case may be possible, the time of a work of art, its peculiar myth or character in any respect, the position and relations of its author to other leading men, he makes out a theory from all these data as to the designed political bearing of the painting, poem, or sculpture. For, to use his own words in his preface, "at this particular time a work of art was apt to have the significance of a political incident, as its purport and vicissitudes had no unfrequent bearing on political feeling." There is no proof of this statement, and there hardly can be any except success in proving such intent in actual instances. In the single case of music, however, where we have even less knowledge of special works than in painting, he gives an outline of the general principles of Greek musical theory, and then indicates the effect upon the character of the people of the development of it in practice as a whole. The best idea of the method will be got from examples, and we take two which seem most elaborate and most satisfactory to the author.

The 'Persæ', of Aeschylus was the second of a series of plays, the others, none of which is preserved, being entitled 'Phineus,' 'Glaucus Potnieus,' and 'Prometheus the fire-lighter.' It has long been a disputed question what was the purport of the plays, and how they came to stand in connection with the 'Persæ,' which is a description, from the Persian point of view, of the battle of Salamis. Mr. Lloyd believes he has found the solution, as follows: The myth of Phineus turns upon his rescue from the persecuting Harpies by the winged sons of Boreas, whose daughter he had married. Now the wife of Boreas was fabled to be an Athenian nymph, and the Athenian fleet was greatly helped just before the sea-fight at Artemisium by this same north wind, on the ground, they thought, of his having an Athenian wife. So Mr. Lloyd finds in the tragedy of Phineus a reference to the battle of Artemisium. Glaucus Potnieus is by his name and in the myth connected with Potniæ, on the battle-field of Plataea, so this tragedy is referred to that battle. Finally, Prometheus the fire-lighter, a satyric play, and therefore of comic or mirthful tone, represents the joyful ceremony of bringing from Delphi sacred fire to rekindle that of the altars of Plataea after the battle, and as fire is "the type and cause of all gladness, purity, and health, symbolizes the restoration of Hellas after the dispersion of the dark barbarian cloud." Thus the four plays correspond to the three great battles of 480-79 B.C. and the final repulse of the Persian invasion. The objection to this theory may be easily

* 'The Age of Pericles: a History of the Politics and Arts of Greece, from the Persian to the Peloponnesian War. By William Watkiss Lloyd.' London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

stated. It introduces a principle of combination of plays into a tetralogy by a historical link entirely outside of the myths of the plays, which is not supported either by the one extant example (the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus) or by any just conjecture as to the drift of lost plays whose names are preserved in connection. It supposes, what we think the Greeks would have considered a violation of artistic propriety, that the poet inserted a purely historic play between two of mythical tenor referring in a recondite way, we might almost say by a pun, to battles closely connected in time with the one described. Mr. Lloyd's idea that the 'Persae' had also the design of glorifying Themistocles in opposition to Cimon, son of Miltiades the hero of Marathon, is in conflict with that of other scholars (for instance, Paley in his notes on the play), and seems to have no real foundation. When, to support it, he speaks of the "suppression of every allusion to Marathon by Aeschylus," he forgets line 475 (Dindorf), where the name Marathon occurs, as well as several other unquestionable allusions to that battle. And when he says "the name of Themistocles is suppressed throughout," he seems to overlook the fact (as we think it to be) that no tragedy contains the name of a living Greek.

In a chapter on the 'Prometheus Chained' of Aeschylus, the attempt is made to find in that grand character a reference to Themistocles, who, at the date Mr. Lloyd assumes for the play, was in exile at Argos. The parallel rests on the following points: Prometheus is called at the opening of the play son of Themis Orthoboulos, and further on son of Gaia; Themistocles dedicated a temple to Artemis Aristoboulos, and claimed connection with the Lycomid gens at Athens who worshipped Gaia. Prometheus deserted the Titan party in the struggle in Olympus; Themistocles "may have entered politics by attaching himself to a party from which he ultimately slipped away" (this Mr. Lloyd considers "a hint for history" derivable from the poem). Prometheus declaims against the ingratitude of Zeus; Themistocles may consistently with his character have declaimed against that of the Athenian people. Prometheus gave men fire, and taught them how to build houses and ships; Themistocles restored the hearth-fires of Athens by the victory of Salamis, built up a new city there, and created the Athenian fleet. Prometheus sympathizes with Io, the Argive heroine; Themistocles's policy brought him into close connection with Argos. Finally, the two characters are alike in sagacity, daring, versatility, confidence in the future, and craftiness. Now, it must be admitted that these points are all true, one by one, and there is ingenuity in thus combining them, but the whole thing goes off and leaves nothing behind when one reads over the play. The poet must have had a far higher idea in his mind, one so far above this that it is impossible to believe he could have written such a poem with any such secondary allusion present to his thought. It belittles play and character, in our judgment, to ascribe them to a desire to glorify Themistocles, and indeed Mr. Lloyd himself seems partly conscious of this after he has finished his parallel. We cannot share his naïve wonder that "the drama should have been so constantly read, its passion so sedulously scanned, and not have recalled the character of Themistocles." These two examples fairly represent his method of connecting art with history, and seem to prove that it is rather ingenious than trustworthy, suggesting, perhaps, interesting thoughts, but shedding no real light upon either of the connected subjects.

After all, the most important question about such a book as this is as to the general impression which it gives in regard to the man and the period under discussion. Mr. Lloyd's picture of the age is on the whole better than that of the man from whom it is named. Any student of Greek antiquity will find here something to interest him in the chapters on the painting, the sculpture, the architecture, the music, the literature, the philosophy, the tribe distinctions, the forms of government, or the politics of that period of vigorous, multifarious, original, and marvellously successful activity. Yet the multiplicity of details forbids thorough treatment of any one department, and obscures, partly by the somewhat confused arrangement, the outlines of the leading figure. The character of Pericles—the most complete and symmetrical character in Greek history—is indeed fairly and correctly set forth, but not vividly nor with full appreciation. Mr. Lloyd has not caught Grote's intelligent, sympathetic admiration of Pericles as a statesman, nor does he show the exhaustive knowledge and masterly analysis of Curtius. We regret that he did not think worthy of more than passing reference the famous criticism made by Plato in the 'Gorgias,' that Pericles cannot have been a good ruler of men, because he left the Athenian character worse than he found it, as is shown by their censure of him near the close of his career. Nor do we find any satisfactory discussion of another criticism, more difficult to meet, that he managed the state well himself, but developed such a character in the people that none but a man as able and self-controlled as he, and as favored by circumstances of external

prosperity, could govern them, nor could they govern themselves wisely without such a leader.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.*

TWO Campaigns' is scarcely to be called a child's story, and yet is hardly adapted to maturer minds. It is a sort of half-grown juvenile romance; and a youth who has liked 'In the Year '13' of Fritz Reuter, and yet is neither well informed nor acute enough to perceive the difference between that excellent little historical picture and one based upon the wildest improbabilities, may enjoy also 'Two Campaigns.' The first part of the story is told by the hero, Max Roggenfeld, now grown old. His adventures carry us through the campaign of '93, when the Austrians and Prussians entered republican France. He is nearly destroyed under an accumulation of disasters, and, after the first campaign, goes to England, not to reappear until the second, which is that of 1812-13, when he joins Napoleon's forces. At the close of the war he is left in charge of the children of a dead comrade, and the story then makes another skip of twenty years or so, bringing us to an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances. One of the orphans, who are children no longer, falls upon a chain of evidence which, being followed up at once without the slightest difficulty, results in restoring all the Alsatian estates of the principal characters, which had been confiscated in '93, to their rightful owners or heirs. There were three of them, adjoining one another, and the French gentleman who holds them, on being made acquainted with the facts, relinquishes his claims with a promptitude and politeness which, if imitated in this country, would make courts a superfluity and the pursuit of misappropriated property a pastime. Yet another twenty years elapses, during which Max and his lifelong friend, the Countess of Wildenstein, have lived happily in their old homes; and the book then closes with their death, both being octogenarians. They die hand in hand, just after having had a conversation in which Max understands for the first time in his life that the Countess has always loved him. It is, perhaps, no detriment to young readers that the author has no weak leanings toward love affairs. His treatment of all his lovers will certainly prove disheartening to those who think a "happy ending" to a novel consists in something more than a restoration of family property to the right line. But in spite of the heavy use of tragic materials—which was of course to be somewhat expected, considering the period of the story—and the presentation of characters with only grand sentiments, there is nothing whatever between the two covers to affect the callous adult to a tear. It is really entertaining to see how close the author will let the lovers come without touching, as you may say. They are hardly permitted to understand each other, much less to have a chapter or even a page of happiness together; but, like the old-fashioned stage tragedy, the character "dies" at once whenever the effective moment comes. We cannot help suspecting a writer of this turn of a rather morbid fondness for playing on the melancholy tendencies of sensitive boys and girls. If a passion for country had been substituted for the passion of love, the latter could have been reasonably subordinated to it with good effect. But the patriotism exhibited in the 'Two Campaigns' is of a very cloudy character. We find ourselves among a mixed sort of Alsations, who are fitted out first with German and then with French sympathies. The only distinct principles laid down are—that a good soldier must have no opinions, and that he must be always loyal to his company or regiment. The general morality of the book is pure, and respect for those in authority is always inculcated.

The device of collecting a number of old picture-plates, and getting a story written to illustrate them, is made use of more and more every year, so that the sort of children's books it calls forth now almost form a class by themselves. Decidedly the best we have ever seen of the kind was 'Roundabout Rambles,' not only because the author appeared to have turned to account every possible suggestion of his picture, but more especially because each picture was the subject of a separate story. Where all the pictures have to be brought in to illustrate points in one continuous narrative, the result, though generally an evidence of great ingenuity on the part of the compiler, is apt also to show a want of coherence and aim in the work which relegates it at once to the already large ranks of ephemera that appear every Christmas—a fate from which no beauty of binding or print can save it. 'Frisk and his Flock' and the 'Doings of the Bodley Family' are two very handsome and profusely bepictured—it seems like putting the cart before the horse to say "illustrated"—books of

* Two Campaigns: A Tale of Old Alsace. By A. H. Engelbach, author of 'Lionel's Revenge,' etc., etc. Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: Holt, Young & Co.
'Frisk and his Flock.' By Mrs. D. P. Sanford, author of 'Pussy Tiptoe's Family,' 'The Rosedale Books,' etc., etc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

this species. The latter is indeed especially elegant in make-up. 'Frisk' is for little children, and is an innocent, pretty, wandering sort of history, including among its secular chat frequent texts from Scripture, which have the merit of being sensibly selected and pleasingly used.

The 'Bodley Family' is more important. 'Phippy' is quite a character, and her brother and sister are also natural and well-drawn children. Their "doings" are of the usual country sort, but are conducted with sufficient freshness and fun to save them from the wearisomeness of the hackneyed egg-hunting and haymaking legends. A feature of the book is the introduction of poems recited by one or other of the characters. We commend the insertion of Browning's "Pied Piper," "John Gilpin," and the "Heir of Linne." Children will appreciate an odd classic or two given in this way who would not have looked at them otherwise; and the same could be said of "Chevy Chase" if the language were not quite so difficult. It is rather bloody, too, for the nurseries of these humaner days. The other poetry is not so much to our taste. The "Little Rid Hin" is the best, but its "Irish" is shocking. The fairy pieces have charming vignettes, which were really made for them, but, as in the cases of "Harry O'Hum," "Bumble Bee and Bumble Bug," etc., while the manner is tinkling and taking, the thought is rather thin. The story of "Gran'ther Scupper and 'Lishy" is good till one comes to the disagreeable point of it; and the love affair between the doll and the boy's head on the kite is silly as it is witless.

'Jolly Good Times' not only deserves its title, but the further praise of being pronounced a jolly good book. We took it up without much expectation of reward, because country life has been a hard-worked theme, and many of the stories about it have had nothing whatever to recommend them beyond the natural attraction of the subject for city children. On this occasion, however, the author has something definite to tell. The Kendall children and their neighbors and playmates live in the Connecticut Valley, not far from Deerfield, and we are given a sketch of their life during one period from the breaking-up of winter till the appearance of snow just after Thanksgiving. The merit of the story lies in its evident biographical truth. It is very plain that "P. Thorne" writes from memory and observation, and not pure fancy. The result is a charming local picture, quite worth the attention of English boys and girls, as showing what New England life is in a respectable farmer's family—plain folks, who do their own work, but entirely free from the low-comic variety of Yankee talk and manners too often considered essential to the success of a New England story. To be sure, Aaron, the free-born American hired man—whom it would be almost a misnomer to call a servant—tells his delightful Indian stories to the children in Yankee dialect, and other characters use it appropriately, but that is not what we refer to. When the admirers of the 'William Henry' series remark the absence of "smartness" among the Kendalls, they will have touched on the element we are happy to miss. 'Jolly Good Times' has one defect of style which may well be remedied in any future volume: we mean the interpolation of descriptive phrases or adjectives in a sort of "reportorial" slang, retarding the action and sounding affected to juvenile ears. Millie does something "expressive of rapture"; or Ralph says something with a "superior air," "his literary tastes being decidedly bloodthirsty." They are in every case superfluous, and one who reads aloud to children will find himself instinctively skipping them.

'Nine Little Goslings' answers to nine different stories, each with a Mother-Goose title for a remote suggestion or "starter," as it were. For instance, "Lady Queen Anne" is a little girl who is happy under all circumstances; "Ride a Cock-horse," a child circus-rider; "Little Bo-peep," a girl who peeps into a forbidden chest, etc. The stories would amuse, probably absorb, most girls and some boys in their second seven years. They are full of invention and fancy and variety, but the prosaic impedimenta of probabilities are not always permitted to interfere with telling effects. Here is the plan of "Goosey, Goosey, Gander." One June evening little Dick is put to bed too early by a sister impatient to go out. His bedroom is under the roof, and there is an open scuttle through which he can look at the sky. Unable to go to sleep, the infant—who is apparently quite alone in the house—decides to get up. He climbs the ladder, gets out on the roof, walks across other roofs, and goes down somebody else's scuttle into a deserted garret. Here he amuses himself with rocking on an old rocking-horse. The sound of it makes an old man below start and say "Harry's horse! but no"—or words to that effect. Then little Dick proceeds to another room, which is a deserted girl's-nursery, all the dolls and

things having been kept where they were left, and being now covered with dust. In the opposite room the old man reads the letter of a penitent daughter, once the little girl owning the dolls, who now writes that her husband is dead and begs to be taken back home. A fair and a dark angel stand either side of him, one counselling forgiveness, the other hard-heartedness. They speak in alternate paragraphs a good while. Just as the old gentleman has decided for the dark angel, baby Dick strays in, the stern parent shrieks, totters forward, tumbles down-stairs, but isn't killed. Ellen is sent for, and all is right.

There is not oftener a handsomer Christmas book published than 'The Catskill Fairies.' The illustrations are uncommonly attractive, the designs being full of imagination and the drawing most careful and delicate. The title will perhaps prove a little misleading, as most readers are likely to expect from it something specially connected with the Catskills, possibly legends after the manner of Rip Van Winkle. They will be justly disappointed on finding nothing of the kind, but merely a series of ordinary fairy tales—pretty, fanciful, elaborate, but no wise unusual—which might as well have been associated with the Rocky Mountains, or the Alps, or any other "rising ground." The little Indian girl introduced in one story does not alter the case; she might as easily have done what she did and been called a German peasant. The plan of the book, too, with such a wide range as the title implies, is singularly commonplace. Little Job, with his opportunities in the backwoods, might have met dozens of sprites and good-men face to face, whereas he is made to dream everything as any other child may do any night he chooses to combine a modern fairy-book and mince-pie before retiring. The same want of originality has made the stories themselves seem like the now too familiar class of current fairy literature. All the niceties are attended to; the fairies are beautifully dressed in fresh designs of petals and flies' wings, etc.; and all the other properties, though vamped up for the new season, are as easily recognized by us gaping and tired old folks. We must get our pleasure, therefore, from watching the delight which it can be safely predicted children will take in 'Catskill Fairies' in spite of our cynical exposure of it.

The last book on our list is designed for children of a somewhat larger growth than those who would appreciate the foregoing. The age at which they can be profitably instructed in wood-carving will vary, of course, with the mechanical aptitude in each case. What recommends this little manual beyond its clear and minute directions for the special operations of which it treats, is the incidental aid it gives to common carpentry. Not only does it abound throughout with ingenious suggestions which even the adult workman need not despise, but it gives in chap. viii. a narrative of Oriental achievement in turning in the open air "with a basket of tools and no lathe" which alone is worth the price of the book to a receptive young mind. The author dedicates his work to the "Boys of England," but he points out in the course of it that wood-carving is a very pretty and entirely practicable employment for girls as well as boys, and for young women as well as young men. In particular, as regards fret cutting and perforated carving, it "can be carried into the drawing-room. Numbers of ladies practise this beautiful art, and are really most skilful at it. One lady of my acquaintance is carving a set of chairs for her dining-room; and a lady of my own family, at her first trial, fret-cut a bracket of a very complicated pattern, and executed it as well as if she had practised the art for years." Personally, Sir Thomas will be found a very pleasant acquaintance.

India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India and in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal. By Louis Rousselet. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Buckle. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1876.)—Subscribers to the *Tour du Monde* three or four years ago congratulated themselves on the treasure which they had secured in the illustrations to M. Rousselet's 'L'Inde des Rajahs.' Not that the text was insignificant, but that, as often happens in the case of this periodical, it was overshadowed by the high quality of the engravings, as well as by the peculiar interest which the natural scenery, the temples, and the races of India must ever have for the Western mind. The translated work is, of course, of English manufacture, and is sumptuously printed and bound, making a quarto volume of 579 pages. M. Rousselet's journeying began in 1864, and was accomplished by all the prevailing modes of conveyance, including railway carriage, oddest of all being his experience with the Rajah of Pannah, with whom he "set out on a tiger and panther hunt in one of the wildest regions of India," drawn along by a road locomotive over a stuccoed sort of high-

'Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country,' by the author of 'Stories from my Attic,' 'Dream Children,' and 'Seven Little People and their Friends.' With seventy-seven illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

'Jolly Good Times; or, Child Life on a Farm.' By P. Thorne. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1875.

'Nine Little Goslings.' By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1875.

'The Catskill Fairies.' By Virginia W. Johnson. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

'A Manual of Fret Cutting and Wood Carving.' By Maj.-Gen. Sir Thomas Senior, K.C.B. With diagrams. London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1875.

way made expressly for it. He had introductions to the first native circles, and was entertained with great magnificence at the court of the Guicowar of Baroda, not, as we make out, the corrupt and profligate ruler accused last year of an attempt to poison the British Resident, but the predecessor and very "moral" of him. M. Rousselet devotes a great many pages to the Guicowar's barbaric displays and barbarous amusements, his gladiatorial combats, etc., and is evidently under some constraint as a guest not to speak his mind about this Mahratta Caesar. The title, by the way, of "Guicowar," on which the princes pride themselves, means, according to M. Rousselet, the "keeper of cows." Of dancing-girls and jugglers our traveller saw not a few, and of the latter he says that some of their most marvellous tricks—like the boy stabbed through and through under a basket, or the growing of a complete plant from a seed under a cloth—are explainable to Europeans, but he does not appear to have been initiated himself. A fakir whom he encountered had, besides a withered arm extended upwards (a result not accomplished by simple will-power), what was still more curious—a small myrtle-bush growing out of the hollow of his hand, which had been filled with earth.

After all and above all, one returns to the illustrations so profusely scattered through this elegant volume. M. Rousselet was a photographer, and by far the greater number of the engravings are made directly from views taken by himself. This gives an especial value to the figuring of architectural subjects and of the native inhabitants, whether of high or low degree. Nothing more admirable or more authentic has ever been done for India.

The Border-lands of Insanity, and other allied Papers. By Andrew Wynter, M.D., etc. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.)—Dr. Wynter's essays, mainly occupied with reflections and anecdotes destined to show "how fine is the line which separates sanity from insanity," are (with the exception of one point) rather light in matter for a collection of reprints, though they doubtless did good service as articles in the reviews in which they appeared. The author writes an excellent style, and, although he offers little that is novel to those familiar with the literature of morbid psychology, his book may well serve to lure young readers into that more appetizing than satisfying field. The one point we excepted above from our accusation of lightness is Dr. Wynter's attack upon the present overgrown-asylum system. We are convinced that reform is nowhere more called for, and we therefore gladly welcome any critic whose attacks are as well and forcibly directed as his. It is the harmless chronic lunatics "who now choke up the public asylums throughout the land, converting them from houses of cure into mere prisons."

"As the asylums are spreading in size, the very atmosphere within the walls may be said to be saturated with lunacy. They are becoming centres for the condensation and aggravation of the malady rather than places of cure, just as the crowding a fever hospital makes the type of disease more malignant. We are convinced that this is an evil that has been too much overlooked. The insane not only require more physical support than the sane to keep them from going back, but also more healthy mental stimulus; they cannot lean upon themselves without deteriorating. Hence the true principle of cure for the curable, and of support for the incurable, is an association with healthy minds."

The author's remedy lies in dissemination of the chronic patients. As the whole matter is largely a question of public economy, for which it is necessary to enlist the interest of laymen in their quality of taxpayers, we do not scruple to express the hope that Dr. Wynter's little work will be widely read. He has little faith that the present generation of asylum officers, bred in a vicious tradition, will do much to help reform in England; we wish we could feel more sanguine about the profession in this country.

Deutsche Lyrik: Selected and Arranged, with Notes and Literary Introduction, by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.)—The present volume, which serves as a pendant to the well-known Clarendon Press Series of German Classics, can only confirm Professor Buchheim's reputation for scholarship and good taste. Like the wise householder spoken of in Scripture, the editor has brought forth from his treasury things new and old, and all of them good. An introduction of ten pages, temperate in tone, gives a suggestive résumé of German lyric poetry from Luther to the present day. The literary and grammatical notes at the end are extremely good, and cannot fail to be a decided help to both teacher and reader. Two alphabet indexes, one of the authors, the other of the separate pieces arranged by the initial lines, will facilitate reference. Concerning the character of the selection, we can scarcely venture upon a criticism. The reader may perhaps miss some old friends, but their places, he must admit, are taken by very acceptable strangers, who bid fair

to become old friends in turn. The editor gives nothing weak or ignoble because it happens to be new, and is true to his title by keeping within the strict limits of *lyric* poetry. We have said that the grammatical notes are extremely good, but this will not debar us from saying that there are some which we believe might be made better. Thus, Luther's lines (in the first poem of all):

"Für allen Freuden auf Erden
Kann niemand kein feiner werden,"

are simply translated: "Of all joys upon earth none can be more exquisite." This is no explanation; no account is taken of *für* for *vor*, of the use of the double negation, or of the significance of *werden*. *Gesellen gut* (in the same piece) we do not regard as a mere "poetical inversion for *gute Gesellen*," but rather as a reminiscence of the mediæval syntax (M. H. G.), where the post-positive adjective had emphatic force. Much less can we regard *böser Mord* as dependent for its case upon the verb *verhindern*. This verb, it is true, occasionally governed in archaic construction the genitive; but in the present instance the word *Mord* is evidently governed by *viel*. It rather surprises us that the editor, in giving Schlegel's lines on the structure of the sonnet, p. 119, should not have added those by Schiller on the so-called elegiac verse used so extensively by Goethe. The selections from Goethe, while they are all good, labor under one defect—they are too one-sided, most of them being love-songs. Now, although it is perfectly true that no poet, ancient or modern, ever sang of love in a more loving or more lovable strain than Goethe, this is far from being all. Goethe sang of many other things equally well. We regret that Professor Buchheim has not given more specimens of Goethe's satirical and reflective vein, for we fear that the reader may gain from the present collection an imperfect impression of the wonderful range of Goethe's faculties.

Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant. Historical Sketches by Major Evan Rowland Jones, United States Consul, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (London: Frederic Warne & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.)—It is not a very bold statement that one should speak respectfully of a respectable book, but, in these days of bookmaking without end, a reviewer may find growing upon him an impatience which makes it difficult for him to speak thus and only thus. After reading with attention the lives of Stanton and of Grant, which together make up more than three-quarters of Major Jones's book, we are forced to declare that it has no reason for existence, and to wonder that it found a publisher. Not that it is a bad book. In the first place, it is very handsome. Its large print, good paper, and liberal margins make it very tempting. It is fairly well written, its tone is good, and its creditable though not absolute accuracy shows that its author has been diligent in his collection of material, and painstaking in his use of it. But the fault of the book is that it adds literally nothing to what was known before upon the subjects of which it treats. After some reflection, we reach the conclusion that it came into being from the accident of its author's holding a consular position in England. There may be a demand for such a book in England, but there is no place for it here. It is without value for the American student, and not likely, in our judgment, to attract the general reader.

. Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Ballantyne (R. M.), <i>Rivers of Ice: A Tale</i>	(Pott, Young & Co.) \$1 50
Blair (Prof. J. F.), <i>English History for Public Schools—Mediæval Monarchy</i>	(Rivingtons)
Boynton (Gen. H. V.), <i>Sherman's Historical Raid</i>	(Whitach, Baldwin & Co.) 2 00
Lexington Centennial, 1775-1875.....	(Lockwood, Brooks & Co.)
Call (Prof. W. M. W.), <i>Reverberations: Poetry, revised</i>	(Trübner & Co.)
Heaton (Mrs. C.), <i>Antonio Allegri da Correggio</i>	(Macmillan & Co.) 12 00
Koch (K.), <i>Vorlesungen über Dendrologie</i>	(L. W. Schmidt)
Larned (Ellen D.), <i>History of Windham County, Conn., Vol. I</i>	(Worcester)
Michelet (J.), <i>The Insect</i> . Illustrated by Giacomelli.....	(Thos. Nelson & Sons)
Moberly (Rev. C. E.), <i>Xenophon's Memorabilia</i> . I.....	(Rivingtons)
Simeon (Prof. G. A.), <i>Thucydides' Peloponnesian War</i> . III, IV.....	(Rivingtons)
Simeon (Prof. W. F.), <i>Taciti Historiæ</i> . I, II.....	(Rivingtons)
Seaton (Sir T.), <i>Manual of Fret Cutting and Wood Carving</i>	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Scudder (S. H.), <i>Fossil Butterflies: Memoirs of the Am. Asso. for the Advancement of Science</i> . I.....	(Salem)
Sheafer (P. W.), <i>Historical Map of Pennsylvania</i> , bds.....	(Philadelphia)
Spruner (Dr. K. von), <i>Hand-Atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters</i> , Part 13, swd.....	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Stone (W. L.), <i>Reminiscences of Saratoga</i>	(Virtue & Yorston)
Story (W. W.), <i>Nero: An Historical Play</i>	(Scribner, Welford & Armstrong)
Strebler (E.), <i>Shadows and Silver Sprays: Poetry</i>	(John F. Trow & Son)
Talmage (Rev. T. De W.), <i>Everyday Religion Sermons</i> , 4th Series.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Thorne (P.), <i>Jolly Good Times</i>	(Roberts Bros.) 1 50
Turner (Prof. J. A.), <i>Handbook of Punctuation</i>	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Trimmer (Mrs.), <i>History of the Robins</i> . Illustrated by Giacomelli.....	(Thos. Nelson & Sons)
Verne (J.), <i>Dropped from the Clouds</i>	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 2 00
Whymper (F.), <i>Heroes of the Arctic</i>	(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 50
Wilson (Sir R. K.), <i>History of Modern English Law</i>	(Rivingtons)
Warren (Prof. S. E.), <i>Problems in Stone-Cutting</i>	(John Wiley & Son)
Woodbury (W. H. and E. K.), <i>Easy Lessons in German</i> . (Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.)	1 25
Yates (E.), <i>Wages of Sin</i> , swd.....	(Wm. F. Gill & Co.) 0 50

